

STORIES TOLD OUT OF LODGE

BY
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PREFACE.

IT was formerly the custom among writers, no matter how high their pretensions, to pen something in the beginnings of their works to justify their taking the public by the ear. This custom has of late been largely discontinued, especially by those who profess the vocation of novel-writing. For which innovation two reasons can be assigned: One, that the novelists deem their standing with the public so sure that sensible people will gladly read their work through to the end to discover what it concerns; or the other reason, that novels are so much built alike now-a-days, with such similar deeds, misdeeds, lovings, hatings, robberies and detective tricks, that it has come to be with novels as with bicycles, the public has long since given over comparisons or the seeking out which one is best.

Now it has appeared to me that the continua repetition of sundry plots, characters and events in so many novels is doing the public this real injury that readers, from so often meeting them, have come to regard as natural or even usual incidents in fiction and in life, occurrences which are in themselves highly improbable and even impossible.

It has therefore been my object in this humble and unpretentious work to weave into a brief narrative, matters that on the face of them bear the stamp of probability and events that if they do not always occur in the life of every of us, have yet a similarity to some things which have happened to ourselves or to our neighbours.

In conclusion, let me say I shall not be arbitrary about the names of characters or places, and that if anyone shall prefer, he is at liberty to substitute in the following pages names with which his tongue is more familiar, or places about whose topography he can be more exact

A. T. HUNTER.

THE
COUNTING OUT OF BE-ELZEBUB

“Politics is a man’s game, and children should not play at it.”

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I.

THE TRANSLATION OF BOB PURGLE.

There are two classes of men to whom extraordinary things happen, those who will ever afterwards assert that in verity the things did happen, and who must thenceforth be content to live down the accusation of being mendacious or crack-brained; and those wiser and more patient sufferers who accept the incredulity of the world and allow judgment to be passed against them in the ancient terms: "These men are full of new wine."

Of this latter class is Mr. Robert Purgle, who found that his nearest friend was frank enough to tell him that the simple and plain statement of fact that is comprised in this volume "would not go down, and that he had better take a tumble to himself."

Mr. Purgle is now looking for a situation. For the firm of Burley, Banks & Pulinger, who employed him, were not satisfied with the

standard excuse for his prolonged absence from business ; and Mr. Pulinger applied to the case the standard interpretation when he reported to Mr. Burley : "Purgle ain't over it yet. He's been as drunk as damn it."

However, Mr. Purgle has this satisfaction, that not having told the real case to the firm he has not had the mortification of being scoffed at ; and the world may find food for reflection in the thought that had not he told the story to a single friend (who told it to me), this record would have been lost of a valuable contribution to our knowledge of another and more populous world.

It seems that Mr. Purgle had attended a smoking-concert up to a late hour on the evening of Friday, the 8th day of November, A.D. 1895. Now there does not appear to have been anything of an exceptional nature in this "smoker" that should have prevented Bob from being at his warehouse Saturday, the 9th, and certainly nothing to be a reason for his not appearing until Monday, the 18th. To assure the public on this score I have secured the bill of expenses for the whole entertainment, which reads as follows :—

Two kegs lager, at \$1.00	\$2 00
1 bung	13
2 boxes crackers	50
Cheese	40
2 jars tobacco, at 75c	1 50
Pipes (clay)	30
To caretaker for use of cups, etc...	2 00
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	\$6 83

It will be observed that there is no charge for spirits or soft drinks, merely for lager; also that no charge is made for hall-rent. On investigation I found that no drink but lager was furnished, and that the smoker was held on the regular meeting night of the lodge that got it up. The lodge room is in a building situate on Yonge street, in the city of Toronto, and can be inspected at any time during the day.

The proceedings do not appear to have been conducted with one whit less solemnity and decorum than is customary at smokers; and Mr. Purgle's sole contribution to the entertainment was a short story which my informant says contained some reference to a pawn-broker, and appears to have been a production of the Mexican or hairless sort. At any rate I was told it wouldn't do out of doors.

Nor was the journey home to his rooms marked by the unusual: the same streets, the same door, the same staircase; bedroom, bed, chairs, pictures the same; and on the bureau the alarm clock, with its luminous face ticking as usual and indicating, without malice, eighteen minutes to two. It was not necessary to strike a light because he knew the room blindfold, and there was an electric light a short distance down the street. So he seated himself on the small stool which acted as his valet while undressing, and on which he frequently used to pile his shirts instead of hanging them up in a becoming and orderly fashion.

No sooner had he touched the stool than he felt an alarming change coming over him. A violent pain started in his stomach, while his arms and legs began to be strangely agitated. The table began slowly to move past him to the right, then the bureau, then the bed, then the table again; he was revolving. All the while his hands were waving about, and he felt a tugging sensation at his waistband. Thoroughly alarmed, he rose to strike a light; something tripped him, and falling back on the stool he began to revolve with accelerated speed. Faster and faster in the dim light went the bed

and table, and faster went the bureau with the phosphorescent-faced alarm clock. Suddenly he became conscious of his hands feeling something as if a silk thread were passing through his fingers. In a moment it flashed upon him, he was being wound up. The hideous thought occurred to him that someone in the room was enveloping him in a web of fine silk cords; already his feet were tied together, he couldn't separate them. Glancing at the alarm clock, he saw it indicated thirteen minutes to two, and as he glanced something passed over the bridge of his nose, and between him and the light was a fine line of silk, then another; while his left hand, whirling about his head, seemed to keep time with the winding cord.

Bob was esteemed a brave man and resolute among his fellows. That is to say, he could spar four three-minute rounds without much abatement, and even could refuse a drink during business hours. But this situation was beyond a joke. Besides, the silken pressure was causing a strange numbness and stupor to come over him. He must break the cord. But how? His left hand was whirling above his head, while his right hand, carried lower down, was describing eccentric movements over his body.

Both hands were beyond his control; but by throwing his shoulder against the table he might catch his right arm long enough to get control of the hand for a moment. So, watching his opportunity when the table came galloping past, he lurched heavily against it, binding the right arm against his side; and immediately jerked with the right hand. The line tightened, a sharp pang shot through his stomach and something turned within him.

The truth at once came to him; he likened his body to the cage with a ball of twine that is hung over a store counter; he was enwrapping himself in a web that came from himself. Then he recollected what he had read of metamorphosis, and understood perfectly that he was spinning his own cocoon. Drowsily he resigned himself to his fate. The manifold wrappings so obscured his eyes that he could no longer see the alarm clock on its orbit; but downstairs he heard the hall-clock sound once, twice, and he murmured as he lost consciousness, "Might have waited till to-morrow night. Pulinger won't appreciate this butterfly racket."

II.

THE DEVIL'S EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

When Bob Purgle came to, he was no longer in his cocoon, neither was he in his bedroom. Indeed, at first glimpse he thought he was in some burning edifice. Some hundreds of feet above where he stood, a ceiling, supported by gigantic arches on enormous stone pillars, covered him. But under the ceiling and through the pillars rolled enormous clouds of dun-colored smoke, and a sulphurous stench clutched his throat at every breath he drew. In front of him was a counter on which rested what resembled hotel registers of titanic proportions; on approaching which he was astonished to find that their material was not paper, but asbestos. Behind the counter stood a singular individual with a peaked cap on his head, and who regarded Bob with a smile of amused satisfaction.

"I say, where am I, and what do you call this place in the day time?"

"Well, that's a good one, Robert. I suppose you expected to get into Heaven, didn't you?"

"Great Scott! man, you don't mean to tell me that this is Hell, and you are Satan."

"Oh dear, no!" was the demure rejoinder. "This is only a small room in the Regions, and I am only the clerk of the Employment Bureau."

"Now, Mr. Purgle," continued the clerk, suddenly growing more serious, "what are your capabilities? What can you do? As you are well aware, it is part of the business of this place to find work for idle hands. What do you propose to turn your attention to?" Was it some unseen devil that whispered in Bob's ear, or was it the sprouting of some long-buried seed of evil in Bob's nature that made him say, "I prefer political work, and I like it practical?"

The clerk sighed wearily. "Young man, you are beginning that career at a place where most men end it; but I suppose it is my duty to help you. The first step to take will be for you to join the 'Ancient Order of Fife Floggers,' because you know a man has to work with the Order or he doesn't cut any lava here."

So it was arranged that Bob should become a joiner, but that he should first be allowed to go to his hotel and get suitably arrayed for the business he was now about to enter upon. Once arrived at the hotel he proceeded with his change of habit, and donned the black coat and vest and boiled shirt, which, with the "plug" hat, are the

insignia of a professional stumper. What he mostly marvelled at was that the garments he saw of all degrees of fineness of texture and of various colors and patterns, were all made from asbestos. Indeed, as he afterwards learned, the dyeing and weaving of that salamanderish material was one of the chief industries of the country ; so much so that they had attained such perfection in the fast coloring of their stuffs, that on throwing soiled garments in the flame they were cleansed without dimming the colors or causing them to run.

When he felt himself dressed so as to create an impression, Bob was minded to go for a stroll on the balcony of the quiet hotel to which, on account of its being inexpensive, he had been assigned. Accordingly he proceeded eastward along the balcony, gently tapping its pillars with a swagger-cane that he carried in his right hand, and, as he proceeded, he discovered that the sulphurous mist was a thing that one grew accustomed to, and that, when familiar with it, it neither concealed nor marred the beauty of the landscape. Indeed, he found that not only men but all animals and trees and living creation generally had become adapted to the surroundings, and, far from being crushed by

the pungent atmosphere, seemed braced and invigorated by it.

After following the balcony at a leisurely pace for about three-quarters of an hour, he turned the eastern angle of the building and was rewarded for his energy by a spectacle of much beauty. Across the street, at a distance of about half a mile, stood the chief hotel of the capital of the country. This great edifice, built in the strictest proportions, was being lighted up for the evening; while from the magnificent dome that surmounted it shone a splendid light that illumined the city for many miles about. This was Bob's first vision of a building, the rotunda of which he was soon to frequent both day and night, and outside of whose atmosphere he cared not to live. For this was the famous Rustler House, to which all politicians, great and small, flocked, as to the Mecca of their faith. Whence arose the popular saying, "Every silly goose that has got wings flies to the Rustler House."

III.

A GLIMPSE OF MISS ALLIE.

Never mind what Bob was thinking as he gazed upon the enchanting view across the broad thoroughfare, for in a moment Bob himself could not have told what he was thinking. In the street below he saw that which made the furlongs of blazing windows grow dim in his sight and memory—he saw a young woman walking in the street.

Oh, reader, never mind how she walked, for her feet were fairy shuttles, that seemed to be weaving Bob's heart-strings. Ask not of the fashion of her clothes, for they flowed from her limbs like raindrops from a marble Niobe; ask not of their material, for ah! that twinkle in her eye boded that it wasn't for nothing that she wore asbestos.

It was but the work of a moment for Bob to float down one of the numerous staircases from the balcony out into the street, pursuing as on his native King Street, overtaking, accosting.

Bob's plan, of course, was to ask the way to where the lodge room was. "I beg your pardon,

Miss, but can you tell me the way to the corner of Resolution Avenue and Pledge Street ; I am a stranger in this city."

You do look green, Mr. Purgle ; for a fact you do."

"How do you know me ?" was all his astonishment let him blurt out.

"Oh, I'm an old Toronto girl ; my name is Miss Allie." And it seemed to Bob in a dim sort of way as if he almost remembered the name. In fact he said he remembered her perfectly (which was a lie), but that he was a bad hand at remembering names (which was true); it being the custom of the regions to adulterate the fine coffee of their lies with a percentage of palpable truth.

A few minutes later Bob lifted his hat and walked gracefully away, having two addresses in his possession ; one of which he remembered, and another—the way to the lodge room—which he forgot, and had to ask over again half a dozen times before he entered the building and tried to work his way into the lodge room on the password "Allie."

IV.

ANCIENT ORDER OF FIFE FLOGGERS.

The word "Allie" was not the annual password admitting to Covenanters' Tent No. 612½ of the Ancient Order of Fife Floggers. Accordingly, when the gentleman who had been commissioned by the clerk of the Employment Bureau to look after Mr. Purgle's interests arrived at his lodge, he found the tyler and outer guard engaged in handing Bob over the staircase as being the shortest way out. After a rescue, and some explanations, Bob was admitted to the ante-chamber and had an opportunity of observing some of the late comers and visiting brethren. For the most part they seemed, by their faces, a common-honestish sort, good fellows to have on your side; religious after a fashion, but apter to attend the Tents of the Fife Floggers than any of the numerous churches which Bob had passed on his way to the lodge rooms. As Bob afterwards expressed it, they would go ten miles to help a friend and walk a hundred with peas in their shoes to rip up an enemy.

Suddenly a rap, as from a more practised hand, came upon the door, and lo! there entered one immediately recognized as Bill Roopy, a man whom Bob did not particularly care to see. For in his terrestrial life Bill had been expelled (to his financial loss) from a secret order to which Bob belonged; the secrets of which William had been convicted of selling to his political employers.

Seeing Bob, Bill smiled a gloatish sort of smile. Bob tried to smile a countersmile.

Now, of smiles in the ring, there are two smiles—the smile of the man who floors the other fellow, and the smile of the man who comes up smiling. So smiled Bill, so smiled Bob.

But Bob saw malice in Bill's smile, and thought of black-balls and the pain of blighted hopes. Yet Bill was above malice, being a true heeler and taking an expulsion as one of the fortunes of war. When he smiled he was thinking only of the pleasure of initiating Bob.

And what a pleasure! Bob entered the inner door of the tent, his eyes hoodwinked according to the rite observed by the Fife Floggers; his steps, which he took rather high than long (having some prior experience and wishing to avoid surprises), being timed by an accompaniment of

clanking chains and most unearthly groans. Bob tried to believe this was merely ritual and paraphernalia, and was a bit reassured when a kindly voice invited him to come forward and take the test.

"The candidate," said the kindly voice, "will now evidence his sincerity and earnestness by striking a firm blow upon the side of this emblematic beaver." Bob responded with a jab that might have brushed a fly off the beaver, and it very slightly yielded its soft side to his touch. Instantly there was a howl of indignation from the members, and the kindly voice became stern, "Candidate! are you a weakling? Either strike firmly or retire from this sacred chamber." Bob had, by his previous jab, ascertained that the beaver was soft and yielding, so he responded with a smash that would have made a punch-bag play three-four on its ceiling. Alas! there had been a substitution, as Bob's bandaged hand told for a week later.

Lét us draw a veil over this ceremony, nor further pry into the dread secrets of the Fife Floggers. When Bob Purgle lay on his bed at the hotel that night, ever and anon the twitch of his heart strings reminded him of "Allie," and then again, the blistered spot over his

shoulder blade recalled to him the permanent password of the order which had been pleasantly impressed on him by a red-hot metallic tool placed on his naked skin. Finally he fell asleep and dreamed that he went to see Miss Allie and whispered in her ear the permanent password of the order, and that she called an attendant and said, "This gentleman doesn't mean business. Kindly shew him the door."

V.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF BILL ROOPY.

When Bob Purgle awoke from his troubled slumbers he had hardly time to yawn before there came a knock at the door, and a waiter presented the card of Mr. William Roopy. Now, such is the generosity of human nature that Bob had conceived a great liking for this man, and all because Mr. Roopy had helped to batter and abuse him, or, as the students used to say, put him through the K. A. Gallop, instead of blackballing him.

Nor can it be denied that there was something likeable about Mr. Roopy; he was as decent a fellow as ever put a knife in a candidate for office. His business was politics. He didn't canvass at all by going about from house to house like a book agent; not he! He was a sort of jobber in such workers, and could lay his hand at any time on a dozen of them, and either stir them to fiendish activity, or, what is equally effectual in its way, get them to maintain a death-like apathy. While a good enough speaker in his fashion (by which is meant that

he could disturb almost any meeting sufficiently to make it adjourn in disorder), nevertheless, Bill did not waste long harangues on his workers. He made terse confidential remarks about so and so having the stuff, by which, doubtless, he meant that so and so was a man of moral substance and, therefore, worthy of support. Incidentally, it may be said that Bill's workers always got paid—a circumstance that enabled Bill to use the same workers over again; which is a consideration that some politicians neglect.

Bill was now paying Bob a sort of party call, ostensibly to ask him how he felt, but in reality to try and put a good thing in his way. The conversation naturally drifted into politics, and just as naturally Bob asked, "How do politics stand here now?"

"Well, of course, you understand about the friction between the old man and Beelzebub?"

"Why, no! The last accounts I had represented them as in perfect harmony."

"Yes, perfect harmony, just like an Ottawa cabinet. Beelzebub, or, as the boys call him, Mr. Bub, is after the old man's job, and will come pretty near getting it. The general election may be on at any time, and you'll hear the

first guns fired in a day or two. You'd better get your graft in now."

"But, how? I don't know the ropes."

"Well, see here, I am working for the old man and there won't be room for two of us; that is, if you want to make them cough up the stuff. You've got to work for Mr. Bub, and I don't know any better way of recommending yourself to him than simply to tell him you're from Toronto."

"Where can I find him? I wouldn't know him if I saw him, and I haven't his address."

The upshot of the matter was that Bill very kindly agreed to accompany Bob to within a short distance of the palace of Beelzebub. And what a vision of glory was that palace! In the morning light, for they had night and day here just as on the earth, though how this diurnal change was wrought, or from what luminary proceeded the light, Bob was never able to ascertain—in the morning light gleamed an edifice larger than St. Peter's, and in comparison with which the decorations of the famed Alhambra would seem tawdry. So grand! and so exquisite! and the whole surmounted by a marvellous dome which, though of incredible magnitude, yet was as delicately proportioned as a Venetian goblet.

So lost was Bob in his admiration of this dome that for the moment he quite forgot both Allie and the Permanent Password of the Fife Floggers.

"How splendidly the building is covered by the dome!" he exclaimed. "Yes," said the imperturbable Roopy, "but there is something that covers it better than that."

"What?"

"Oh, just a mortgage of several millions, and the interest day coming round shortly. I tell you, Brother Purgle, Mr. Bub has got to run for something and run quick. Ta! Ta! I'll meet you at the rotunda of the Rustler."

VI.

A DEPARTMENTAL STORE.

Bob Purgle felt in need of gentleman's furnishings of one kind and another. For you know he had to go and see Mr. Bub, and attend the meetings of 612½. It wouldn't do to appear shabby before Mr. Bub, and let him know he was so hard up. And then a man, to succeed in any business, has to dress appropriately and appear prosperous.

Bob remembered how well some of the stumpers he used to know had dressed for town audiences; and when they struck the country they assumed a suit of Canadian tweed that championed home manufacture with offensive partisanship. He remembered how glossy their shirts and collars and ties were in the city, and how in the country the hat became a slouch with finger-holes for ventilation, the shirt became grey flannel, and the collar hid itself, like a felon, in their valise.

Accordingly Bob determined to appear before Mr. Bub, not like a one-man-one-vote constituent, but as if one of the captains of hundreds. He

felt that he needed a clean shirt and cuffs and collars and an up-to-date tie,—a better hat, a pair of gloves, a bright, big watch chain, at the end of which to fasten a bunch of keys,—as well as a number of other things which Mr. Bub wasn't likely to see, unless he used Bob with unusual roughness, or searched him with X rays.

Now, just here let me deny that these specifications for apparel had to do with a proposed visit to Miss Allie. I have the right to make this denial. For Bob made the same denial to himself at least three times between the hour when he borrowed the cash from Bill Roopy, and the hour when he set out for the departmental store, where he understood these things could be had. Besides, young ladies are too prone to think that these new things which a man wears are put on for them, and sometimes a man's sisters (and relatives generally) give themselves too much trouble in attributing his improved accoutrements to his meaning to keep company. Anybody with sense knows that a man has to dress well for politics and his lodge. So, just leave the matter where I put it, and don't be officious.

Well, the departmental store was a big place. What, with its numerous extensions, for it grew

with the growth of the metropolis, which grew with the regions—and these regions never failed to grow, no matter what mundane states arose and crumbled and dwindled into nothingness—what with its extensions and great wings, each a large building in itself, the departmental store was considerably larger than the Rustler House.

This being a sort of bargain day in the store, it was encompassed by a great crowd, consisting of about two-thirds in number (and five-sixths in cubic space occupied) of the fair sex. With considerable squeezing Bob approached the door and saw on the brass sign plate the words, "The Original Departmental Store."

Bob thought this a mistake, as the building had some appearance of newness; and knowing that there were departmental stores in America, established for a number of years, he did not see how this one could be the original. Upon enquiry, however, he learned that it was really of considerable antiquity as an institution, the building itself having been several times burned by accidental fires during hard times. In fact, the antiquity of the store was such as to render it, without doubt, the original, and also to make certain where the mundane departmental stores found their model to imitate.

Upon entering into the main corridor of the establishment, Bob, who was not unacquainted with the most approved systems in vogue in America, was greatly astounded at the perfection to which every detail had been brought. Besides the beautiful electric elevators, there were movable sidewalks to carry the people from one portion to another of the great emporium. Not only were the electric and pneumatic tubes and railways for carrying change and parcels of a marvellous ingenuity and finish, but over the counters there travelled with absolute noiselessness a series of instantaneous cameras, which took silent note of the doings of every counter, and hastened to make report to the detective department, situate in the rear of the ground floor.

This detective department was a great drawing card for the store. Not only were its duties to compass the arrest of sneak thieves, counter-snatchers, pickpockets, kleptomaniacs and other crooks, with whose professional or official titles I am not acquainted. But the department did a business for the whole metropolis, and was in considerable rivalry with the police force, which it was constantly seeking to prove at fault.

The race between the police force and the departmental store's detective force was in some

respects a pretty even one, though a handicap. The chief portion of the time of the policemen was taken up in strengthening their political pull to enable them to stay on the force or obtain promotion,—that was their handicap. The handicap on the detective force was that their duty was to provide the book department with a supply of good detective stories. This might appear to have been an easy thing for men so close to the business; but it was a rule of the store that none of the detectives should give even a hint of the actual cases followed out by them. This was enacted partly to prevent their real methods of catching thieves being laid bare, and partly to ensure in their literature a sufficient atmosphere of improbability to render it worthy of the name fiction.

Bob would never have tired examining the equipments of this marvellous store, nor would he have tired of studying the curious characters that passed and repassed before its leagues of counters.

He was considerably instructed when he saw a labor agitator buying some patent medicines at the drug counter for a fourth less than they sold for at a regular qualified pharmacist's. This same labor-man he had seen that morning

in a hotel bar refuse a cigar with contempt and march indignantly out of the bar without buying anything,—because the cigar box lacked the union label. Which goes to prove that what is a condiment for the goose needn't be sauce for the gander.

It is curious to notice the difference between the sexes on bargain day. The ladies enter into the thing with a heartiness that betokens good conscience; they crowd and scuffle and turn over the bargain articles. One woman generally seems to regard another woman who is getting something cheap and possibly useful as an interloper who should be cut off and driven away from the counters.

The men, on the other hand, enter the departmental store with a guilty look that it takes the store detectives years to distinguish from the dangerous article. Rather than meet a male acquaintance in the store, a man will shoot up an elevator or dodge around into one of the wings.

In this state of mind Bob was not at all pleased to meet a gentleman with whom he had a nodding acquaintance, without knowing his name. The other gentleman was sauntering benignly through the building, putting his feet

out in front of him with an elegant, shovel-like movement, and swinging in his hands a pair of crumpled gloves. He didn't look like a purchaser, although the suspender counter had profited by him to the limit of nine cents. When he espied Bob he bowed with an ironical expression, which made Bob blush. Then the gentleman, whom Bob subsequently learned to know as Mr. Wienerwurst, passed calmly on with the amused air of a philosopher studying the foibles of the common people.

At this moment, however, Mr. Purgle's attention was directed from store and contents, and everything else than the apparition of Miss Allie. She was about to leave the store, having purchased some lovely trimming, etc., etc.

The result was that Bob accompanied her to her street. He would have gone to her door, had she not politely but decisively insisted that she musn't further trespass on his good nature.

It is true that Bob did not get back to the store in time to purchase the several articles with which he meant to adorn his person and create an impression on Mr. Bub. But that does not change the fact that the articles were to be purchased for that purpose. It merely happened that he went to see Mr. Bub as he was.

VII.

BEELZEBUB.

It is putting it mildly to say that Bob was disappointed when he was shewn in and stood face to face with Beelzebub. Of the nobility and grandeur of person which he had been led by all accounts to expect, there was scarcely a trace in the appearance of the individual before him. It is true that later on when he first heard Mr. Bub address an audience he was charmed and enthralled by the majesty of his delivery, and by the rare beauty of his voice, now soft and sweet as a boy's soprano, and again rolling like the very thunder; now full of a pathos, brightening everything it touched like a sunshower, and again charged with an indignation that seemed to wither his opponents with an inextinguishable fire. But as Bob first saw him there was little of this excellence to be seen in him.

In person, Beelzebub was a little above the average height, but broad-shouldered, deep-chested, and very heavy; his frame sluggish-looking and fat; his face pale and with a ful-

ness beneath the underlip, such as is often noticed in fluent speakers. But the breadth of his brow and the massiveness of his head gave him a rather commanding appearance, while the expression of his face when aroused lent him an air of fearless daring and audacity, which singularly well covered up what those who knew him more than suspected, namely, that he was a physical coward.

As to his manners, they varied according to the occasion from the best to the worst, from the stateliest courtesy to the attitude of a beggar on horseback.

He received Bob with a who-the-devil-are-you sort of look and coldly asked, "Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

"I thought perhaps," said Bob, "that I might be of some use to you in the political campaign, which it is generally understood you are about to enter upon."

"Very well, Mr. — ?"

"Purgle, Robert Purgle, is my name."

"Very well, Mr. Purgle, I shall send your name down to the committee room and see that a pollingsub-division is assigned to you to canvass."

"I am afraid that my talents don't move in that direction. I never did any house-to-house

canvassing, though I have done some stumping and missionary work along the side lines. I am sorry that I cannot be of any use to you, for I am from Toronto, and like to take an active part in all movements that tend to a moral reformation."

"Yes, I know the breed; I know the Toronto workers. For one man that will take a book and hoof it from neighbor to neighbor and convince the doubtfuls and report honestly, there are six that will sit in their back rooms and mark the books up according to imagination; and a dozen who will want to sit on your platform and predict success for you and drink your beer, and turn never a hand for you in the wards."

"Well, I must be going," said Bob, "I don't think I'll bother much with politics, but just go the way my lodge goes."

"Your lodge," exclaimed Mr. Bub, as if a sudden thought struck him, "what lodge is that?"

"Oh, just Covenanters' Tent, No. 612½."

"Damn 612½," exploded Mr. Bub, but he glanced at Bob, with something like a kindled interest. "By the way," he added, "do you know the notorious Bill Roopy?"

"Brother Roopy is a man for whom I have the highest regard; he is a fellow-townsmen of mine and thoroughly honorable.

"Oh, yes, I know. He's what we politicians call honest. When he's paid to corrupt, he does corrupt. But, look here, I don't want 612½ to go solid for the Old Man, I want them split up. Do you understand?"

"Really, sir," said Bob., "I think it would be an unpleasant and thankless task to disturb the harmony and unanimity of the lodge."

Whereupon Mr. Zub and Bob ceased sparring and got down to business. But the terms of their agreement I shall not give. For in the first place, I am not paid for drawing up estimates for this sort of engineering; and in the second place the value of money is very different in that place to what it is in Canada. It may be as well to mention, however, that the appointments that correspond to collectorships of customs, judgeships, Queen's counsellorships, etc., possess a somewhat higher value in the Regions than a Canadian could have expected.

VIII.

THE ROTUNDA OF THE RUSTLER.

The Rotunda of the Rustler House, where Bob was to meet Bill Roopy, is the maelstrom of the politicians, wherein may be seen, tossed helplessly, the wreck of many a noble personality side by side with the battered flotsam and jetsam of concession-line politics. Mr. Roopy, whom the frequenters all deferred to (because being a living dog with teeth he was better than a dead lion), took Mr. Purgle around and showed him the figures of supposedly animate beings in the same fashion as an exhibitor would show the wax works in a chamber of horrors.

"That fresh-faced young fellow, who is fidgeting about and getting in everybody's road, is the son of an old hayseed who is worth a hundred thousand, and as independent as a hog on lava. But he doesn't fatten the cub with much of his stuff, so a dollar bill looks as big to the boy as the side of a barn; and he is up here trying to find the door of that office he was

promised. I could direct him if I wanted to; his office is ticketed letter X in Billion Corridor, and he has all eternity before him to reach it in. In the meantime you can't advise him, because he has 'great influence in the 4th concession, and controls fully half a dozen votes."

"You see that decent-looking chap over there, whose hair is just turning gray. Well, he is a country school teacher. Has been teaching eleven years and gets a raise of salary every two or three years. Has got his salary up to \$385 a year, with five children and another on deck. He thinks a civil service post at \$700 is . . ."

At this moment a great hush fell upon the Rotunda, and all eyes were fixed upon the figure of an elderly man, who passed rapidly through on his way to the elevator. An active, nervous, wiry figure, surmounted by a shrewd old head with a large nose and twinkling eye. As he passed through he winked pleasantly at Bill Roopy and Bob, nodded patronizingly to the fresh-faced cub, and quietly to the school master, passed a dozen or two others with some appropriate salutation, took off his hat to an aged man who sat near the elevator, whispered a word in his ear, and was whisked up the hoist in a

twinkling. The elevator man knew too well to let the dozen people catch his eye who wanted him to stop that they might go up too and pin the old gentleman in the hoist.

"Who is the spry old gentleman?" asked Bob.

"Why, don't you know? It's the Old Man himself. He's gone up to the Blue room to let the manufacturers interview him. I begin to feel the campaign fund on the rails already. You know wherever the money is put in you feel a sort of electric jerk, as if a big dynamo was operating somewhere in the neighborhood, and you would have to look out or your watch will stop with the current."

"I wonder," said Bob, "what his Nibs said to the old fellow sitting near the elevator."

"Oh, just the same thing. 'It's on the way. It will be in the next Gazette but one.' That's the remains of a man who has done more for the Old Man and more for the country than all the other inmates of this hotel put together. Devoted to the Old Man? I should say so. Why he'd go and live in Heaven straight for the Old Man. And as for the country, he's one of our grandest pioneers, and laid out a path for civilization through the howling wilderness.

He's up here now about that senatorship. He'll get it if he has enough pull to get the Old Man in the door and squeeze him till he bleeds. I discount my senatorship; the Old Man pays me cash."

"Looks as if the Old Man was drawing the fund from the manufacturers. Why doesn't he go to the contractors?" remarked Bob.

"Mr. Bub has the contractors. Don't you see, they don't leave the milking of the contractors until the night before market-day. The contractors pay as the work progresses. They take a percentage on the cost of the work done and the balance of profit goes to the campaign fund."

"But how does that work? Aren't the estimates of work reasonably close? Where does the profit come in?"

"You forget, my friend."

"What do I forget?"

"The Extras."

"And how does Mr. Bub get hold of the contractors?"

"Oh, he managed to get hold of the Ministers who manage the Public Works, Railways and Canals. If he hadn't you wouldn't see him take the field against the Old Man. As it is he will run him pretty close."

And so they prattled on in a harmless way, innocent students of the Art of Politics, discussing the elementary rules on which civilized governments are now conducted.

Before Bob left he told Mr. Roopy of the bargain he had come to with Mr. Bub, which Bill averred was not bad for an amateur. But Bob did not tell of the scheme to split up the vote in 612½ (which was Bob's first act of deceit towards Bro. Roopy).

Bob also made inquiries concerning Miss Allie, whom he spoke of with levity as a nice little portion (or piece, or fragment, or some such expression), whereat Mr. Roopy asserted that she was a young lady for whom he had the highest regard, and warned Bob off his preserves; a warning which Bob pretended to take (which was Bob's second act of deceit towards Bro. Roopy.)

IX.

THE HOME OF ALLIE.

Mr. Purgle was dressed to kill that evening, when he knocked at the door of the address given him by Miss Allie. But it was not his intention exactly to kill. Indeed, if Mr. Allie, Senior, the old gentleman, had been home, which he wasn't, and had come to the door, as just as likely he would have done, and asked Bob what his intentions precisely were, Bob would have been at a loss to know what to say. Just at that moment, however, Mr. Allie was out, though, as we shall see, he came in subsequently.

Most graciously indeed did Miss Allie receive her visitor in the plain parlor, whose chief ornaments were books and more books.

Books were Mr. Allie's consuming vice, and, like most intemperate men, he tried to excuse and even justify the evil of his life both to himself and others. One day he would bring home a Bible of the year 1512—all printed in Latin, a language the reading of which in these days distinguishes a learned man from a wise one.

"This rare and beautiful text," he would say, was printed by the celebrated Anthony Coburger, at Lyons, in the year 1512. It bears the mark of the public censor, Saconay, and is worth any amount to an antiquary. I got it for a *mère* song." It is as well to mention here that Bibles are the only paper works that can stand the climatic wear and tear of the regions, even with the protecting passport of that converter of heretics, Saconay.

But chiefly he defended his purchases as bearing (sometimes very remotely) on the subject of his literary labors. For years he had been engaged in collecting materials for his tremendous masterpiece (not yet finished) to be called "*Curiosities of Gehenna; or, the Calamities of the Righteous Dead.*" He had copied in his own handwriting, upon ream after ream of cream woven asbestos, many a quaint and neglected fragment of literary scandal, which for centuries had lain in the great public libraries.

Just at present, however, he was at work upon unravelling the great "*Goldsmith Win*" controversy; it being a moot point among the learned historians of the neighborhood whether the thin and shadowy, or perhaps, altogether mythical hero, Goldsmith Win, was

decorated by the university of Toronto or hanged for his opinions on political science. Mr. Allie, who was what they call an eclectic—that is, a man who will accept everybody's views, provided you give him his own way—Mr. Allie accepted both sides of the argument, and was preparing himself to prove that Goldsmith Win was both honored and hanged, and properly so in each case.

To this end he spent Saturday afternoon of every week, and sometimes a spare evening, in ransacking the old book stores for musty relics and materials repulsive to the uninitiated. It was to one of these expeditions that Mr. Purgle was indebted for his opportunity of sweet and uninterrupted converse with the fair Miss Allie.

Nothing could be more gracious and debonnair than the way she received that trifling rascal, our hero, Bob. The way she led him in, drew up a chair for him, sank into another herself, opened the small talk, led it while appearing to follow, encouraged Bob to feel at home, and, when necessary, snubbed him for over-familiarity—all this was wholly inimitable. Bob never felt more at mercy since the night he took his first sparring lesson from an aged professor, who could move faster in boots than Bob could

in canvas slippers. He felt as if crushed by a divine being; floored, but not humiliated.

Now and again, however, when footsteps on the street outside would approach the door of the house of Allie, the fair hostess gave a swift glance towards the street. Once the door-bell rang and she started—but it was only a boy from the book store with a parcel. “More books!” she murmured, and resumed her duties of fascination.

About half-past nine a firmer footstep approached, and the lady ran to the door and let in Mr. Allie, Senior, whom she introduced to Mr. Purgle. Mr. Purgle said the usual things while he found himself scrutinized by a fine, Druidical old man with aquiline features bridged by gold-rimmed spectacles, through which beamed the mild, triangular eyes of a Florida alligator.

“How do you do, sir?” said Mr. Allie, with a stress on the “sir” that would have made Dr. Samuel Johnson turn in his grave with envy; and, without further word, the old gentleman grasped his package of books, as with the claw of an eagle, and walked up stairs to his library.

Not all her wonderful self-possession could keep back the sigh of relief that Miss Allie released from her bosom, and, with a glance at

the clock, she returned to the task of top-spinning with Bob's heart. How naturally she turned and glided about as if keeping time to the conversation which every moment she varied. When Bob grew sentimental, the full, passionate beauty of her eyes shone on his; when he grew familiar, a saucy tilt of her nose drew his attention to the perfection of that feature. But one thing remained to complete the captivity of Mr. Purgle's heart: he wanted to know why, if there was such perfection as he seemed to see, no one called for it; why the house was not thronged with suitors.

A moment resolved him on this point. He heard someone in the library above get up and pace up and down the room. Miss Allie heard it too, and no mariner knew better than she the approach of a storm; she knew the footsteps meant agitation. Bob thought the person walking in the room upstairs was looking for something—most probably a gun. Presently a voice, that might have belonged to Sitting Bull, or to the mate on a lumber-barge, called downstairs, "Time all honest folk should be in bed!"

Whereupon Bob naively said to Miss Allie, "Well, it is getting late and I must be going. To which Miss Allie as innocently replied,

"Why, so it is, it's after ten; I never noticed the time passing."

While Bob was settling his collar and hunting out his walking-stick from the hall stand, he asked Miss Allie to hold his overcoat; for at that time of year it is customary in the regions to wear in the cool evenings something resembling our light summer overcoats. "Hold his coat!" growled the voice in the library, "Hold his coat! Damn his impudence! I'll hold his ear!"

With a brief "Good evening," Bob went out down the steps and chuckled. Miss Allie went in, and, sad be it to tell, that young lady seemed to lose at once all her wonderful nerve. She burst into bitter tears, aye, and impatiently, actually shook her little fist towards the library, and swore by d——n.

Truly they are strange creatures, these little charmers; but little indeed did Mr. Allie, Senior, care for their gentle peculiarities as he went to his bedroom and slammed to the door; and little must we hearken to them as we pursue the duties of our narrative.

X.

THE ART OF DISRUPTION.

To those who are interested in the study of practical politics there are known many varieties of political association, and as many ways of forming the same. In the United States there is the well-known system that begins in the primaries and culminates in the great national conventions, where the chosen meet in sage deliberative assembly, and cheer, and sing, and counter-cheer, and wave banners aloft, and follow hysteric females about the convention hall in a procession of roaring ecstasy. These great national associations are wont to produce platforms that are filled with high sentiments, and redound greatly to the honor, honesty and manhood, as well as to the sober wisdom of the great American people.

But in Canada, too, there are equally good methods of finding the rulers and policy of the state. We have a system of political associations by which it is easy to eliminate those of one's party who have too long followed the settled policy of the party to wheel about when

the party leaders say wheel, or with open mouth and shut blinkers take their spoonful with a straight face. Especially in Toronto—where there are always a goodly number of government employees to serve in conventions—it is possible to produce uniform results from this system.

Now, Bob came, as we said, from Toronto, and was naturally imbued with the Toronto idea. For, just as the lawyer who has lost his gown still plunders by the use of legal forms; and as a clergyman gone wrong opens every fraud with prayer, so a politician, no matter how strange his constituency, employs always the methods to which he has been accustomed.

The difficulty, however, was that to be able to manipulate an association in the Toronto fashion, you must either be the Secretary with the list of names, or be able to look over his shoulder and guide his hand. Bob was neither the Secretary, nor able to control the Secretary. He, therefore, could only hope for advantage from a destructive line of policy. His plan was to break up the ward organizations, or one of them, and build on the ruins.

In this patriotic scheme he was assisted in several unexpected ways. The machine for the

third ward was in the hands of a President and Secretary who were both devoted adherents to the Old Man. Accordingly they proceeded to sift the lists, with a view to a convention. The result was that many old-time voters and workers failed to get through the sieve, while young slips of government employees, with Amazonian chins, got their convention cards. This chafed the old-timers to an incredible extent.

Add to this, that the President and Secretary, not being desirous of sharing the glory and patronage with any third person, had given the cold shoulder to Mr. Bill Roopy. When you excluded Mr. Roopy from anything, he became a living testimony to the saying, "Those who are not with us are against us." So, while Mr. Roopy himself took no part in the game, yet half a dozen of his workers might have been detected in the fracas about the time the hat dropped.

The night of the convention arrived, and the machine had been forewarned by rumours that there might be trouble. With this fear before their eyes, they had attempted to keep the floor of the hall clear for the ticketed delegates, and the gallery for visitors. When the President peeped through the side door of the platform, he could

see the gallery ominously full, and the floor of the house seemed to be getting mixed with men whom he had certainly not invited. It had not occurred to him that it does not need to be a very good fac simile of a ticket to be passed by an unprofessional ticket-taker at a badly lighted entrance.

The President, however, had anticipated some trouble, and the session was to be cut short. When the President nodded, one of the faithful arose and moved a resolution endorsing the Old Man. It was immediately seconded and handed to the Secretary, who had made a minute of it the night before. The President arose and put the question. Then Bob arose.

Now Mr. Robert Purgle was not on the list of delegates in the hands of the Secretary, but he had presented a ticket, and there he was. He began in a very loud strident bellow to call down the chair. There was no logic and no argument, no sentiment and very little sense in what he said. The gist of his remarks was: "See here, Mr. Chairman! this sort of thing won't do. I want to see things done right. No more hole-and-corner business."

Bob had learned this style of address from Mr. Roopy, who was an adept in the business.

Its immediate effect is to make three or four members scramble over one another in their efforts to raise points of order; all of which causes confusion. Then the chair rules the speaker out of order. But he continues to speak louder and more angrily; appealing for fair play and denouncing the machine who would choke off discussion. He is again rapped down by the chair, but by this time the real object of his speech is attained.

Three or four old men, with real grievances, have by this time got their blood warmed by the jangle, and one of them is on his feet. The President tries to suppress him, but he appeals to the audience; he has been forty years a member of the association, and has worked and voted while some present were little children playing in the streets, with only a newspaper for a shirt.

Again the point-of-order idiot is on his numerous feet, and the chair rules the old fellow out of order; puts the resolution; declares it carried, in spite of many cries of dissent; and briskly asks, "Is there any further business?"

But he isn't through with it. Prompted by Bob, another old voter jumps up and demands the yeas and nays. The chair rules he is too

late. Just at this moment a North of Ireland man, whom Bob has been holding in restraint (as a last terrible resort) breaks away and rushes up to the platform. "We want a chairman and not a thing," he says; moves that the Vice-President (an ardent Bubite) take the chair; puts his own motion; declares it carried and rushes down to bring up the "Vice." And this is where the meeting ceased to be parliamentary.

The fun began with obstructing the approach of the "Vice" to the chair—what in football they call "interference." Then somebody hit the "Vice" on the cheek. He was ordinarily a diffident man, averse to pushing himself forward. But the blow made him angry, and there was sinew about him. He went through to get that chair, and he did get it.

Now, a man cannot, by brute force, get through a crowd of excited electors, many of them young men who think no small beer of their muscle, without friction. Friction is not usually noticed by ordinary men, unless there are visible evidences of it. The evidences, on this occasion, were next day classified by the caretaker who swept out the hall: "Two christies, one plug hat, one asbestos collar, three neck-

ties, enough cloth to make a crazy quilt, a pint of buttons and two front teeth." He was a dry sort of man—the caretaker.

The matter became serious when one gentleman was pushed bodily out of the window. Being, fortunately, very drunk, he fell in a boneless heap without struggling or squirming, and took no hurt.

At this juncture, one of Mr. Roopy's workers, who had been standing about, got into a side room, opened a gas jet and blew mightily. The gas in the hall flickered and dimmed, and then suddenly went out. The meeting forthwith adjourned. Hostilities ceased, as no one could distinguish friend from foe, and they all stumbled out of doors and dispersed, for the police were arriving.

Bob adjourned to the nearest tavern for the reward of his hard labors. To his surprise he found the gentleman who had been thrown out of the window.

"I thought you were killed!" said Bob.

"No! I'm not made of sugar. Fact is, I'm not sweet, but dry."

Bob took the hint; for, under the circumstances, the pleasantry was a good one.

XI.

A REVIVAL OF CHIVALRY.

Bob was always a good fellow. On this occasion, seeing a man of wit and ability like Mr. Wienerwurst—for as such was generally known the gentleman who had been dropped from the window, his taste being highly developed for those dainty sausages called wienerwursts—seeing, I say, Mr. Wienerwurst under a sort of disability, Bob thought it the part of good fellowship to see him home.

But herein arose certain difficulties. For while his companion's reason and legs walked but feebly, his wit ran and his appetites and imagination galloped. This ill-balanced state was aggravated by the fact that Mr. Wienerwurst had a couple of dollars of his own to blow in, which made the occasion a sort of anniversary. He had a new-born independence that mingled in a strange way with his ordinary manners, which were of the old school.

The road to the abode of Wienerwurst lay past several licensed houses, which glittered with their usual attractive lights. As they were

passing the first of these Mr. Wienerwurst shook his head with an air of stern severity and said, "Another danger past. Drink is the bane of a great many young men." At the passing of the next he shook his head dubiously and asked Bob with measured gravity: "Don't you think we have made a mistake?" "No!" answered Bob. "Remember what the poet says, 'Sobriety is the spice of life.'"

At the third hotel Mr. Wienerwurst halted, not suddenly, but with firmness.

"Robert," he said, "have you any money?"

"No," said Bob, wishing to get him on his way.

"Then, good-bye, Robert," said Mr. Wienerwurst with a sorrowful benevolence, "good-bye."

Bob, however, was not to be shaken off, and accompanied the illustrious man into this hotel and several others.

Finally, Mr. Wienerwurst, being threatened with a hiccough, emerged into the street and walked with his head thrown back, contemplating the chimneys and roofs as he went along. After musing awhile he delivered to Bob an excellent discourse on the decay of chivalry.

A few minutes later on this took practical form in a Quixotic desire to challenge to mortal conflict every pair of trousers, and to pay floral compliments to every petticoat in the street. After Bob had, with difficulty, dissuaded a burly citizen who was about eight sizes larger than the exponent of chivalry, from smashing him into little pieces, and after an Irish domestic, with the forcible modesty peculiar to that race, had nearly turned Mr. Wienerwurst into a top, with a swinging blow on the ear, he became more conservative in his demonstrations.

For a while he entertained Bob with a dissertation on the difficulty of making noble ideals take root in unrefined and sordid natures, as witness the failure of numerous and laudable efforts to encourage the divine practice of poetry by offering prizes for the best poem at the autumn cattle-fairs. He even ventured to predict that in the land which Bob and himself used to dwell in,—fair Canada,—a government would arise, whose platform would be to encourage the growth of the literary spirit among the people.

It is singular how nearly his prediction has been realized. For a government has arisen

with such a plank in its platform. Indeed, the only reason why the present work appears without a dedication is that its wavering author could not decide whether to dedicate it to the new minister of agriculture, to whose department literature undoubtedly belongs, or to dedicate it to the learned author of that most valuable contribution to the Law of Evidence, namely, "Evidences of Christianity." But I must return.

In Mr. Wienerwurst's highly cultivated nature there was a continual oscillation between the abstract and the concrete, between thinking and doing. This has distinguished other great men also, with a local difference in the objects to which they applied themselves. On this occasion the application was to an unremitting chivalry, and poetry in the abstract and the fair sex in the concrete.

Suddenly, without a word of warning, the gentleman rushed rapidly along one of the residence streets of the metropolis, with Bob following in his wake. Mr. Wienerwurst passed before a house, mounted the steps, knocked, and with more than mediæval ceremony inquired for Miss So-and-So. Miss So-and-So's brother came to the door, and with less than mediæval ceremony threw Mr. Wienerwurst down the steps.

But this did not exhaust the list of the worthy gentleman's lady acquaintances. He tried here and he tried there. The rebuffs he met with were disheartening, would have discouraged any other man. But Wienerwurst was of heroic mould. Finally he darted unsteadily along a side street, and into another street, and stopped dead in front of a house with a small porch and balcony.

The sight struck Bob with horror, it was the house of Miss Allie. "If," thought Bob, "old Allie is at home, this is no place for me. And if Miss Allie sees me with this fellow my cake is dough."

But the duty once undertaken of seeing a man home is a sacred duty, outweighing all considerations of love, bodily safety, reputation, thirst, or respectability. So Bob endeavored to prevent Mr. Wienerwurst from ringing at the door. The gentleman was complaisant. He withdrew to the edge of the boulevard, gazed up at the house and whistled.

It so happened that Mr. Allie, by good fortune, was absent attending the fortnightly meeting of the Coleopterous Institute. Miss Allie was reading in the room with the window to the balcony.

Now, ordinarily, Miss Allie would have paid no attention to a whistle. But Mr. Wienerwurst's was no ordinary whistle. It distinctly commanded attention. It called, it shouted, it wailed, it warbled; it rose with a yell and fell with a groan; it was a love passage one moment and a stabbing affray the next. Afterwards he said it was intended to give expression to the strugglings of a breaking heart, though Bob suspected that he was trying to whistle "Marguerite."

Everybody on the street came to the windows, some to the doors, Miss Allie among the former. Seeing only an unsteady figure on the boulevard, most of the citizens returned to their interiors with expressions of disgust. Unfortunately a few remained, actuated, no doubt, by the impertinent curiosity that makes ill-bred folk interfere with a man when he is drunk.

Mr. Wienerwurst begged Miss Allie to do him the honor to descend from her balcony and favor him with her agreeable converse. "Go away, you're drunk," she said.

Now, so clever a young lady as Miss Allie should have been able to find something better to say than that. But then you must remember that Mr. Allie, senior, was expected

home every minute, and the neighbors were looking on and gloating over the incident. Besides, Mr. Wienerwurst *was* drunk.

"Do take him away, Mr. Purgle," said Miss Allie in a tone of reproach, as if he was something escaped from Bob's keeping.

Bob made another heroic effort to lead Mr. Wienerwurst away, but the man of chivalry dashed him aside and rushed to the porch.

"Cruel fair one," he exclaimed, "if you will not descend I shall climb up," upon which he made several frantic efforts to swarm up the pillars to the balcony. Bob heard a footstep that he took for Mr. Allie, and made himself scarce. He saw also a policeman approaching.

The alarm proving a false one he returned, and to Mr. Wienerwurst, who was panting with his exertions, he told about the policeman. At once Mr. Wienerwurst's fiery blood boiled with indignation. "Let me at him," he exclaimed, and started in the direction of the ill-fated copper. But, alas, Mr. Wienerwurst's memory was short; for he passed the policeman with an abstracted stare and rapidly proceeded up street, and as appeared next day reached home without mishap, and slept the slumbers of the just.

Bob, however, made off more slowly. Too slowly in fact. For the policeman, being informed by neighbors that there were disturbers at the Allies' premises, and seeing Bob turn a corner, sleuthed after him.

Presently, Bob felt a violent jerk, and was dragged back by the strong arm of the law, to the house of Allie, for identification. It did seem to Bob that Miss Allie was a cruel length of time in deliberating whether he was the guilty one, and there was a look in her eye as if the scene was not altogether misery to her.

Finally, Bob was released, and advised by the copper to go home. It was, perhaps, as well that Mr. Wienerwurst did not again revert that night to the guardianship of Robert Purgle; for, as we have stated, he reached home, as it was, without mishap.

XII.

BUILDING ON THE RUINS.

The evening of the day following the breaking up of the Third Ward Association, Bob was seated in a quiet parlor in a hotel on one of the leading streets of the metropolis. While he was looking up and down the street, and drinking slowly at a claret punch, he observed in the street below the well-known form of Mr. William Roopy.

Now, Mr. Roopy was a man whose movements during a political campaign were well worth watching,—even on polling day. On the present occasion he was accompanied by two or three of his workers, and they turned into a doorway of the Bodega Chambers, opposite to Bob's window. Presently they appeared again in one of the upstairs offices, and took seats near a table, with Roopy as chairman.

"Evidently some very superior scheme," thought Bob, and he lay low.

But the gentlemen in the room opposite did not appear to be very busily engaged, for they sat well back in their chairs with their feet on

the table, while Roopy every now and again wrote something on scraps of paper in front of him.

From time to time others dropped in, until the whole number seemed to aggregate seven. These also took cigars and sat smoking about the table.

Then Mr. Roopy read something to the other six, which they appeared to approve, and finally all seven appeared convulsed with laughter, and arose from their chairs and went down stairs together.

Next morning Bob saw the explanation of it all. He saw in the morning papers the report of the new Third Ward Political Association, which, so the report said, was very numerous, attended and harmonious, and, besides passing the resolutions given at full length, had proceeded to elect the Old Man as Honorary President. William Roopy, Esq., was President, and there were six other officers whose names were given.

This appeared in a very detestable light to Mr. Purgle. That seven ward-workers should be allowed to gull the public in this way, and erect themselves into the semblance of a powerful political organization,—surely this was intolerable. He would expose it.

While he was in this state of virtuous indignation, he proceeded down the main street, with

the full intention of writing (anonymously) to the evening papers, turning the whole scheme into ridicule, and thereby scoring a point for Mr. Bub, who otherwise might accuse him of neglect.

As luck would have it, however, he met no less a personage than Mr. Wienerwurst, walking in the streets in a lordly manner, and was greeted by him with a stately smile. Bob somewhat angrily informed him of his escape from arrest for the disturbance created at Mr. Allie's house.

"Oh!" said Mr. Wienerwurst, "that comes of malingering and of late hours. If, instead of hanging around after I departed, you had come home in a seasonable hour, no one would have thought of arresting you."

There was so much virtue mingled in the tone with which this was said, that Bob laughed. Then he told Mr. Wienerwurst about Bill Roopy's rascally scheme, to which the great man listened without a smile; and also of his proposed exposure of it, to which he listened with impatient contempt.

"Come along with me," he said, "and I shall show you something neat." This did not refer so much to the back-parlor into which he led Bob; nor yet to the drinks (though he often took these neat), but to the simple plan he unfolded.

"You know, Bob," he said, "you are wrong to consider Mr. Roopy a deceiver in attributing political importance to his association. It is the small association that is strong and the large one that is ridiculous. I once belonged to a secret oath-bound political society. In it there were many chapters, let us call them. Well, one chapter contained nearly a thousand members. When it came to a political election, a few of the members were purchased (if they didn't enter corrupt). These few acted as aggressive heelers for their parties. The others grew suspicious. The game ended in every man voting for his old machine, and the chapter never met again after the election.

"Now the chapter to which I belonged never could collect more than about enough members to fill the chairs. We had to move from hall to hall to save rent, and for about a year we met only at the call of the President, which made us more formidable than ever.

"Well, a resolution from our chapter had as much effect (if not more) as a resolution of the chapter with a thousand members. Indeed, when transmitted to the general body it had more effect, because it was better written and more vigorous, not being subject to emasculation

at the hands of a thousand mediocrities. Moreover, our time was not taken up in the tedious work of initiating dozens of members, passing accounts and other routine business. We had our full time for devising schemes, while the big chapter never found time for anything. Thus, you see, we were the stronger body.

"Now, Bob, I could multiply instances. For example, I could mention a 'Sir John Macdonald Club' that consisted of only——"

But let us no further seek to pry into this confidential testimony of Mr. Wienerwurst. Suffice it to say that the evening papers of the same day contained an accurate report of the inauguration of "The Good Government Club," with Mr. Bub as Honorary President. It appeared also "that a well-attended and enthusiastic meeting" had elected Robert Purgle, Esq., and Mr. Wienerwurst as President and Secretary of this excellent institution; and had passed a series of well-phrased and high-principled resolutions.

Bob had been somewhat squeamish about the phrase "well-attended and enthusiastic," but Mr. Wienerwurst stood out manfully for it that a meeting attended by good men was "well-attended;" and the phrase remained.

A few days later Mr. Bub, casually meeting

Bob, thanked him for his zeal, but asked with a twinkle in his eye, whether he thought he was wise in his selection of a treasurer. It came to light later on that Mr. Wienerwurst had called on the Honorary President for a cash subscription, and, succeeding, was in a high state of grandeur and independence for about three whole days.

Mr. Wienerwurst afterwards told Bob that the scheme was not wholly new, for when he was a law-student he remembered a football club that placed a team in the field and won several matches. And yet the organization meeting was composed of a single law-student, who organized himself into a "well-attended and enthusiastic meeting," elected officers, including an Honorary President and two Honorary Vice-Presidents. The Honorary President was a counsel learned in the law, and when called upon by the single law-student, as Secretary, and informed of his elevation, he promptly cashed up, and good-humoredly expressed the fear that it might rain before the Secretary could get back to his office. He was a man of intuition and despatch, that Honorary President, and he now worthily presides upon the Bench as a Chief Justice.

XIII.

DOWN BY THE BOATHOUSE.

It was down at the Big River Boathouse that Mr. Bub held the first round up of his workers and admirers. He well knew that money spent on beer during an election would bring a larger return than in any other shape. He knew, also, that it is more economical to put the beer into those who can work the electors, than to punch it directly into the great belly of the populace. Besides, a political worker seldom resents the proffer of a treat; while among the great mass of the electorate were many sincere prohibitionists and unstinted teetotallers, whose votes were good for Mr. Bub—if they didn't find him out in time.

Accordingly, it was to the sequestered neighborhood of the Boathouse that Mr. Purgle was invited to assist Mr. Bub in planning the momentous campaign they were about to enter upon. It was about nine o'clock when Bob marched down the old wooden wharf road, and saw in the distance the windows of the huge timber edifice, blazing with lights. Below his feet, and over to the right hand, he could hear the booming rush of the Big River, rolling its

flood to the unknown sea. He passed by the spot where a few cables, swaying uneasily between a tall tower on the land and a structure that most resembled a broken cliff standing in the stream, marked the position where the old Iron Bridge had once stood. For many years the bridge had been left standing in face of the popular complaints, that it was out of date, unsafe, and ridiculously inadequate to the needs of a metropolitan traffic. Then came a spring freshet on the river, a flood of unusual viciousness, and the bridge was pounded to pieces. But the cables, flapping idly in the breeze, and of about the thickness of a horse's body, gave Bob some feeling of what the structure might have been, and of the power that lay in the arm of the Big River on the spring morning when he came pounding on such an anvil.

As Bob neared the Boathouse he heard a sound, as the sound of a legion of horse, a sound measured, rhythmic, multitudinous. 'Twas the hoedown of the stag-dance. And the fiddlers fiddled, as no mortal man ever fiddled, and it was no ordinary gathering of bucks they made the time for. Every type of political worker was there, from the southern plug-ugly to the frozen-whiskey missionary of Muskoka. In

the various stages of a mellow intoxication, less the effect of vinous than of animal spirits, these willing workers floated to and fro enjoying the varied programme that their most masterly host had so bountifully provided. Now it would be a stag-dance; again, a comic song or an off-colored story would make their merry sides shake with laughter; then a brief and sparkling speech, to be followed by a bout with the gloves, between two human kittens. Nor were manly and generous sentiments lacking as they drank the toasts that every little while some one would be minded to propose.

No better fellow ever set glass to lip than was Mr. Bub, the brave night he gathered the clan at the Big River Boathouse. He had foreseen everything, provided everything. Perhaps, if anything, he had provided too much. For long after the abler workers had retired to their honest repose there still remained a store of beverage unconsumed. And this store, some of the younger and more indefatigable men stayed to wrestle with. Nor did the proceedings tame with the waning hours. The stag-dances proceeded, but each dancer seized a chair and polked divinely with his wooden partner. Then they shied the chairs along the polished floor

and laughed gleefully as chair met chair. Whereat Mr. Bub smiled benignly, and sempiternally damned them in his heart.

They essayed more sparring bouts, but the performers had better nature than aim, and ended by clinching, and going off arm-in-arm to the canteen. That young man of good parts (nick-named Wienerwurst) attempted a recitation from Mark Twain, and did the apparently impossible by giving two entirely distinct selections simultaneously, so that the audience were drinking in at the same moment the virtues of a miraculous cat, named Tom Quartz, and of a bull-pup, designated as Andrew Jackson. Mr. Bub told the reciter, who wanted to apologize, that it was the best thing he had ever heard. Certainly the audience had roared with glee, one-half of the fellows being ripe and not able to see anything wrong, and the other half sufficiently mellow to appreciate. Mr. Wienerwurst went about not knowing how to take himself; in the end he compromised and made full assignment of himself to the canteen.

While Bob was engaged in watching two law-students, who were dancing the military, and trying to drink out of the mouth of the same bottle at the same moment, a weak young

man named Black, familiarly chucked him in the ribs and winked. Black's father had been a distinguished politician, and the family was highly respected, with exceptions. Young Black was working on the exceptions.

His face wore a look of impenetrable mystery, mixed with beer. Evidently, he had some weighty secret that would have been better carried without his other load. "Now, what's your little scheme?" said Bob. Out it came, with great caution. "Mr. Bub has asked me to handle his stuff." Bob's eyebrows raised in admiration. Mr. Black patted his breeches pocket and shewed the outline of a wad. "Ones?" said Bob. "No! X's." "You'd better look out, old boy, I wouldn't trust everybody here to know about that wad."

"Don't alarm yourself, I've handled stuff before. You don't think I'm a chicken of this year's growth?" And off he went to let some one else know about his X's.

Finally, Mr. Bub tipped the wink to the caretakers of the building, and they proceeded to turn the lights and the guests out. Whereupon some grumbled, but Mr. Bub, with great good nature, proposed that they all join hands and sing Auld Lang Syne, which they did for the third time that evening."

XIV.

ON THE BIG RIVER FLATS.

Most of the company which the Boathouse gave up when it blacked its windows for the remnant of the night, went up the wharf road that Bob had come down. Mr. Bub went this way also, and the good citizens living along the road knew that a merry party was passing. They roared gloriously, until Mr. Bub pulled his hat down over his eyes lest he should be recognized and lose votes.

Mr. Black, the custodian of the wad, was not of those who went up. While he might have reached home that way, still his nearer route was to descend the river and follow the flats until he came to the second concession road, which would bring him directly home. True, the way was a lonely one, but his heart was stout with the beer.

As he left the Boathouse, the stuff-bearing hero touched his hand to the revolver in his hip pocket, and glanced at the ruddy light still in the club windows, his breast swelling with the pride of an important mission. No craven fear

played on his well-braced nerves as he cast a glance along the dark wharf road and strode resolutely down the river.

The wharf road ended about a mile down and the flats began. By the time he reached these, Mr. Black's pride had shrunk, and the gilt of the ale-haze, that had brightened all things to his eyes, was worn away. This was unfortunate; for never a spot needed worse to be glamour-hidden than did the Big River flats on that November night. A pestilential fog was steaming and stewing up from the waters, as if from the vats of some witch's brewery. All things were clammy and moist with a sneaking moisture. It wasn't rain, nor was it wet as if dew had fallen, but all things had an intolerable mugginess like the dampness of clothes that had been put away before they were dry. It was chilly, too, and dark, with the gloom that makes you feel that others see and you cannot see.

The clammy atmosphere soon ate through the beer-given courage that had carried Mr. Black so recklessly along. As he stumbled upon the uneven footpath that led past bush and tree and deserted shanty, he glanced nervously here and there, starting at noises, and shuddering at every movement in the grass at his feet, lest it

should be an enemy. Something seemed, as it were, crawling up to him. The night was filled with a horrible uneasiness, as if only those men and things that are pleasant to meet were at rest. A bat shuttled its awkward wings past Black's ears, startling him as if a bullet had sped by, and a muskrat flopping with a sudden splash completed his demoralization. He started to run at a slow trot, now stopping to peer into the darkness and again running forward. The trot became a sprint, when he heard the noise as of a creaking floor in one of the ruined shanties. He ran, ran like a deer, ran like a mad team of horses, ran till his breath stopped coming and his muscles cramped and his heart beat like a punch-bag on a ceiling. He stopped and grasped his revolver, which is a fallacious instrument to a weak man. A bush stirred within a few yards of him and he fired.

Military men pretend that the last thing a sentry should do is to fire; it gives the other fellows a bulls-eye to pot at. Modesty is good in a sentry, and it would have been good in young Black. No sooner did the bark of his revolver startle the air, than sounds arose everywhere about him; on the footpath behind, and on the line of the path in front. Every

unclean bird seemed calling to its mate, and the earth responded to the running of feet. The flats were alive.

To go forward or backward meant the same. A meeting first, and a body floating in the river to-morrow. But there was another way, a path through the bit of bush on his left hand, and leading up to the second concession road. This path through Pedlars' Bush was shorter than to continue along the path; but Black would another time have gone around. Since the inquest on the pedlar, the bush had a reputation and still has.

Black, crouching almost to the earth, stealthily crossed the hundred yards that lay between him and the bush, and, by luck, the pathway through lay at his feet. He hesitated, but behind him he heard the parties from North and South meeting on the path by the River. That decided him and he pushed rapidly. After trotting sixty yards, he heard something on his right hand, and, facing that way, he lifted the unlucky revolver; again, on his left he heard something, and, turning his face that way, something met his temple. And that was all. He was no chicken of this year's growth.

XV.

CONCERNING SUNDRY MATTERS.

Bob Purgle had gone home along the road that Mr. Bub went, and with him to Bob's own room went Mr. Wienerwurst and another young man, who had comparatively refrained from drinking during the evening. His trainer or his physician, or somebody, had interdicted him. They reached the hotel late, too late to get into the bar, for the bar-keeper had locked up at two o'clock and gone home. So, if it had not been for the foresight of Bob, who, being used to the ways of a moral city, had provided a half dozen of ale, these way-worn pilgrims would have gone dry.

To Bob's slender store of ale with some crackers and Roquefort cheese they sat down,—Bob and Mr. Wienerwurst. The abstemious one went to bed. The conversation was marked more by philosophy than by levity; the ale, though good, was somewhat acid. They discussed besides the crackers and cheese, political organization, A. P. A.-ism, the decay of pugilism, the futility of theological surmise, the merits of

draught ale versus bottled, free silver, and divers other allied and kindred topics. Afterwards, to the best of Bob's knowledge and belief they went to bed, Bob sharing the bed with the abstemious one, and Mr. Wienerwurst occupying the lounge.

Some time later the acidity of the ale ordered Bob's stomach to turn out for parade, and he left the bed groping for the basin. Indeed, being one-fourth awake and three-fourths full, he splashed far and wide before the abstemious one got up and found him the receiver-general. Half an hour later, when they were both back in bed, they heard Mr. Wienerwurst get up and grope for the same sacred utensil. Nor was Mr. Wienerwurst satisfied with this, but about daybreak he got stealthily up, and with sundry newspapers proceeded to clean up the deposits that Bob had left the night before, evidently thinking these deposits were his own. At which Bob and the abstemious one nudged each other, and then chuckled inwardly; and, as Mr. Wienerwurst completed his labors, chuckled outwardly and guffawed uproariously, Bob thanking the elocutionist for his extreme unselfishness, and asking him if he didn't think the drinks were upon him.

Mr. Wienerwurst admitted the corn, and said that, as he was always unselfish he must insist on Bob's emptying the receptacle over the window into the kitchen court yard below, in the hope of others being able to share their joys. He also touched the bell.

(This anecdote I have inserted out of deference to a public accustomed to jokes as to seasickness, and for the further comfort of passengers on all stormy waters, both inland and marine.)

About a moment later a hurried knock came to the door, and, on Bob's opening to admit the attendant, a young man rushed in, wild with excitement. He was one of those who had been at this Boathouse the night before. Had they heard the awful news? No, and Mr. Wienerwurst, who was considerable of a philosopher, did not think there was time for much new to have happened. Then the bearer of evil tidings told how, in the silent dawn, the body of young Black had been found in the Pedlar's Bush, near the Big River Flats, murdered by the blow of a sand-bag.

Bob wondered to himself how in this region a man could be killed, and where his soul would travel if he did get killed. But he held his

peace, as many of his theological notions had appeared intensely ridiculous and green to the longer established inhabitants, and nothing is more fatal to a political worker than to be set down as a tenderfoot.

Who could have done it? It must have been done for political spite, as Black's gold watch and chain, and several dollars, were found on his person. Bob recollected about the wad, but he did not make any sign, merely saying softly, and as if by way of soliloquy, "And he was no chicken of this year's growth." Besides, it was possible to get oneself into trouble with some of the workers of the tenderloin districts by pushing his curiosity too far. So he merely inquired, "What is going to be done about it?" Oh, this thing and that thing were going to be done about it, and the boys weren't going to let the other side monkey with their band waggon, there were to be reprisals, and so forth, and so forth. Upon which Mr. Wienerwurst shook his head reprovingly and spoke, saying with impressive solemnity, "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," and then turned to give his order to the waiter (it being his treat as above stated), ordering two quart bottles of ale, and giving a brief, but severe, lecture upon the impropriety

of furnishing men of erudition with ale that was acid. The bearer of evil tidings went away to harrow others with his tale of tragedy, a little disappointed at the calmness with which his news had been received by the three worthies. The abstemious one was for going out into the streets to inquire further about the late Mr. Black, but Mr. Wienerwurst quite conclusively inquired whether his precipitation would "restore our late esteemed friend to the bosom of a sorrowing populace," and recited, with great feeling, some lines about storied urn or animated bust.

Out of courtesy to the distinguished elocutionist, who was treating, Bob was sitting down to the treatment of the ale when another knock came. This time, it was a message from Mr. Bub, requiring Mr. Purgle to attend at once, ready for duty. Whereupon Bob rushed off.

Mr. Wienerwurst gravely deplored Bob's inability to partake in his treat, and, catching the abstemious one giving a longing glance at the ale, he regretted that the exigencies of training demanded a Spartan-like frugality in diet; but duty was duty. Whereupon he proceeded to polish off the two bottles, with several learned remarks upon their wholesome freedom

from undue acidity. The abstemious one he graciously excused from further restraining the curiosity so natural to youth and allowed to depart. While as to the ganymede who carried the tray he told him to "charge these up to the room;" and having finished his labors he arose with a benign and sunny countenance, and went out.

XVI.

A SNOW STORM.

Bob found Mr. Bub waiting for him at the carriage door of his palace, and his employer motioned him to take a seat beside him in the vehicle, that with a fine span of horses was standing beneath the archway. The tires on the wheels were pneumatic, a recent improvement that Mr. Bub had been one of the first to adopt. At a word from their master the horses sprang forward and the carriage went with a bound along the asphalt. Suddenly, Mr. Bub reined in short, and the horses were almost thrown upon their haunches. A chubby little urchin rolled almost from under the horses' hoofs. "It's ruinous to the horses," growled Mr. Bub, "but the dear child may have a father, and the father may have a vote."

So, with more caution, they proceeded out through the main street of the metropolis, past the many magnificent public buildings that line that beautiful thoroughfare, the great Northern Road. Among the many fruits of public spirited

and charitable enterprise, Bob noticed a beautifully designed home for people whose children had been drowned while swimming on the Sabbath. It appears that the millionaire philanthropist who had erected this monument to the goodness of his own heart, had observed that an immense number of small boys went swimming on Sunday afternoon, and had reasoned that it was mathematically probable that a great number would be drowned on that day, and leave their parents deprived of the offspring that should be a stay to them in their old age.

One building that they passed, Mr. Bub commented on as being in doubtful taste. It was a sixty-three story structure, built by a Chicago man, and intended by him, as he said, to be the biggest thing in H——l. Mr. Bub believed that while it might be safe enough, and quite fire-proof, yet an architect should study the surroundings and see that the proportions and style of his structure harmonized with the neighboring buildings.

While they were discussing the principles of architectural beauty, and had drifted into the more interesting topic of public tenders, and the importance of the public works being honestly conducted, their carriage passed

through the gigantic archway that marks the northern limit of the metropolis. This stupendous monument was erected by the Old Man to commemorate a great victory which, he said, he had gained over an opponent, named Michael. But the result can hardly have been so very complete, for Mr. Bub sarcastically referred to it as a great moral victory, meaning thereby that it was something less than an actual victory.

After pursuing the Northern Road for a considerable distance, they turned westward, and drove rapidly over a wide common; drove like the wind, and there was some wind; drove like the whirlwind, and there was also a whirlwind. "We must get ahead," said Mr. Bub, "there's going to be a blizzard," and there was.

First, a few flakes fell; they call it "snow" in the region, but it isn't snow. Bob caught a flake or two in his hand, and it dirtied the hand. The flakes were like the stuff they roll into asphalt pavements, but whiter in color. They fell first slowly, then fast, then furiously, and then they didn't fall,—they whirled in the air. Three feet in depth, when it was collected next day on the level ground; but to-day it was all on the loose, with the winds blowing seven

ways; and no light, and no chance to hear anything but the tornado. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, they were lost.

The temperature dropped with a terrible suddenness; and to Bob, inured to the rather warm climate of the region, the effect was stupefying. But on Mr. Bub, who was well adiposed, the effect was to stimulate his energy. He wrapped himself up in his coat to the eyes, and Bob mechanically imitated him. Then Mr. Bub grasped the reins in one hand, looked at a compass that hung at his chain guard, and heading the horses due west, lashed them forward. They went half unwillingly, but still at a terrific pace. When they appeared to have gone about two miles they stopped, with a jerk. Mr. Bub peered out into the vortex of the whirlwind and saw something like the outline of a building—"Here! hold these," he said, and gave Bob the reins. Jumping down and clinging to the traces he came to the horses' heads when holding on by the bridle, for to let go and get lost meant annihilation, he reached for the building with the other hand. It seemed to be a barn door, and raising his heavy boot he gave a kick that Bob could hear above the sound of the blizzard.

A gruff voice within wanted to know who was there, and Mr. Bub roared out in reply "Two men and two horses." "I can only let you in one by one," came the return shout. So Bob jumped down, and with his benumbed fingers helped to unhitch the horses. "Go in first and lead the off horse," yelled Mr. Bub, and in Bob slipped through the crevice that the man inside opened to let him in. "Keep it open," added Mr. Bub, and Purgle stuck his heel against the door. Mr. Bub rushed in, the near horse pressing closely after, and the door was slammed to and barred against the storm.

The occupant of the barn surveyed Mr. Bub for the fraction of a second, and then remarked with evident sincerity, "D——n you! If I'd known it was you, you'd have stayed outside." "Why, my dear Mr. Chawbark, you mustn't be so unreasonable. You know, I've not been in a position to do anything for my friends, but we hope to change all that, and then we shall see."

"Oh, I suppose! No doubt!" said Mr. Chawbark, with no end of doubt and irony in his voice; and he added, "In the meantime, you'll pay cash for what you get."

What was he doing? Oh! just keeping hotel, —a little country tavern that could be seen from

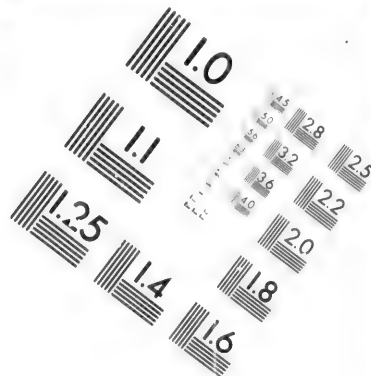
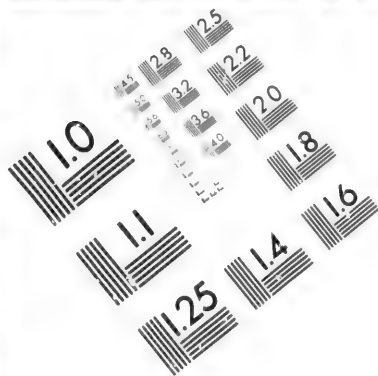
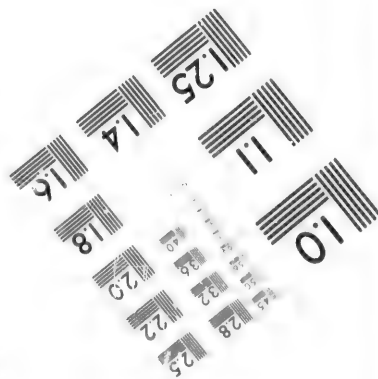
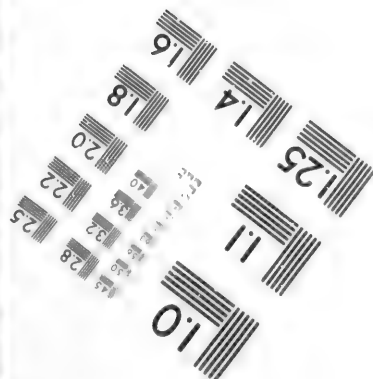
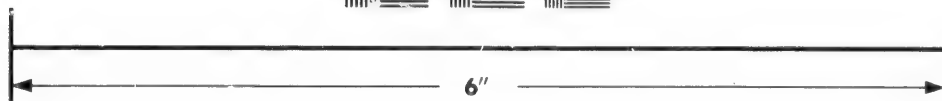
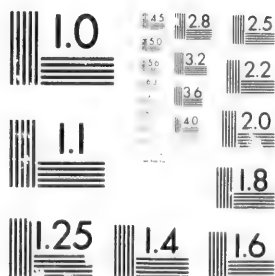


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the barn when the storm abated, which it did in a few hours sufficiently to enable them to reach the house without being blown out into nowhere.

Bob took the trouble later on to inquire into Mr. Chawbark's grievance against Mr. Bub, and, partly from the victim himself and partly from other sources, he evoked the following history of political fidelity and gratitude :

Mr. Chawbark had been a prosperous country storekeeper, keeping a general store, and doing a very fair business indeed. Politically he had always been an ardent supporter of Mr. Bub, at that time a humble member of the Old Man's administration; and whenever Mr. Bub visited the constituency he was entertained at the substantial residence of the excellent Mr. Chawbark.

This went on for some time, until Mr. Chawbark happened one day to be deploring to Mr. Bub the hardness of the times and the tightness of money, which, as he said, had become a cash article. Mr. Bub, who had an abnormal political sensibility, at once scented that his worthy host was looking for something, and he was ready to anticipate him to a delightful extent.

"Mr. Chawbark," said he, "why don't you give up this store business, at which you're making no money, and take a government position?"

"I wish to blazes I could get a government job, and I'd take it quick enough."

"Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Chawbark, the government has noticed that throughout our population there is a great neglect of the faculty of music, and we are seriously thinking of appointing a set of officers to inspect and stir up the musical business. Now, if I were you, I'd put in my application for Inspector of Harps, and qualify myself for the position."

Accordingly Mr. Chawbark sold out his business, and every day might be seen seated on the shady banks of some stream, strumming "There is a Happy Land," and other sacred and profane selections from the patient strings of a harp. One day, however, while he was thus employed, along came Mr. Beekles, alike glorious in the possession of a harp, and the following interesting things were said:

"How is it, Mr. Chawbark, that you, who used to be a prosperous merchant, are now spending your time idly and doing nothing?"

"Well, you see, Mr. Beekles, Mr. Bub is going to make me Inspector of Harps."

"Why, no! He isn't. He promised me that appointment."

From which time onward Mr. Chawbark began to make Mr. Bub's life a weariness with his repeated importunities; until at last in sheer desperation Mr. Bub went to the Old Man and made a clean breast of it. The Old Man's eyes twinkled, then he said softly: "But, my dear Mr. Bub, I haven't got the jurisdiction over harps; that lies with the other government. I tell you what I'll do. I'll appoint your man an Inspector of Harps at a nominal salary."

So the next edition of the Gazette came out with the Order in Council appointing Mr. Chawbark, and in due course Mr. Chawbark received a gorgeous letter from the Department of Marine and Fisheries (to which music is relegated in the regions—just as literature is given to the Department of Agriculture); and the letter informed him, in grand official language, that he, Mr. Chawbark, was duly appointed Inspector of Harps at the salary of eight dollars per annum.

Such was the substance of Mr. Chawbark's grievance. I understand a similar case once

occurred in the matter of an inspectorship of game and fish. But that case concerned the jurisdiction of two mundane governments, and is a matter outside the scope of this narrative.

Bob managed by dint of considerable blarney to get the right side of Mr. Chawbark ; while on the other hand, by suggesting to the not very heroic mind of Mr. Bub that the way was rendered impassable by the storm and that the night was approaching, he induced his employer to stay at this none too commodious tavern. It is to be feared that Mr. Bob Purgle on that occasion made a far pleasanter stay than his distinguished leader. For the bar-room, which, owing to the fire in the long box stove, was the only comfortably warm room in the house, was the scene of Bob's operations. He made himself very companionable, indeed, and left the impression with the blacksmith, harness-maker and keeper of the general store and post office, who sat at the stove and spat in the woodbox, that that young fellow who travelled with Mr. Bub was a pretty square head, whatever his boss might be.

XVII.

MR. BUB'S CANVASS.

The morning after was beautifully clear, and the fields and roads lay under a whitish-brown substance that but for its color could have been taken for snow. It was a beautiful sight—as far as Bob could judge after his prolonged conversations the night before with the blacksmith, the harness-maker and the butcher who had dropped in to replace the keeper of the store and post office at about twelve o'clock. The butcher had been driving about as usual, serving his customers on the sidelines. His had been a journey of peril amid the storm, and his tale took time to tell. He also on the morrow referred to Mr. Bub's young companion as a square head; but I am drifting,—the day was a beautiful one.

Mr. Bub had no particular reason for delaying at Mr. Chawbark's, and consequently Bob had no sooner swallowed his bacon and eggs and green tea (boiled), and been presented with a bar-room cigar (non-union) by the proprietor as a mark of esteem, than Mr. Bub, who had been

making his arrangements, invited him to look sharp and get ready to travel. Bob grasped his valise and went out of doors, where to his delight he heard the tinkle of sleighbells, and Mr. Bub's beautiful span of horses came bounding up, drawing after them a tolerable sleigh. With the buffalo robe drawn up to his chin and the crisp air buffing his temples, the horses swinging merrily along, the ground slipping away from the runners of the sleigh, and the half-covered snake fences rushing past, Bob felt very fit. He could have sung with joy, but contented himself with saying, in his heart, "Such is sporting life in the colonies."

They had gone about seven miles at a rate that seemed to put Mr. Bub in a splendid humor, when they met a long, awkward, raw-boned fellow striding through the deep snow in great top-boots. "Hello! Mr. Billings, how are you?" yelled Mr. Bub.

"Pretty well, thank you; how's yourself?"

"Storm bother you any yesterday round these parts?"

"Yes, Josh Simpson lost one of his heifers."

"How do you get your letters round here? Where's the nearest post office?"

"Well, there's one about seven mile up the

way you come, just by Chawbark's Tavern, and another at Bell's Corners, about eight mile down the way you're going."

"Well, isn't that a blamed nuisance to go all that way for your letters? Are there any others round here in the same fix?"

"Yes, there's Josh Simpson, and Bob Ferguson, and Bill Farrell, and Sandy Matheson, and half a dozen others."

"You ought to have another post office in here somewhere. Do you think, Billings, you could undertake the duties of postmaster?"

"Yes, I think I could," said Mr. Billings.

"Well, if I were you, Billings, I'd get my petition and application ready. But don't give the snap away. Keep mum about it." And with a good-day, Mr. Bub drove merrily on. Bob felt a desire to ask Mr. Bub what Mr. Billings' chances were of getting that post office, but he restrained it until he should know his ground better.

About a mile and a quarter farther down the road they overtook Mr. Bob Ferguson. He also knew of the disaster to Simpson's heifer, and him also they left under the obligation to sacrifice himself to his country's welfare by preparing his papers for that post office, and

preserving his appointment in secrecy from his neighbors.

Josh Simpson was the next. Mr. Bub's sympathy went out to him for his lost heifer, which Josh spoke of more endearingly than he ever referred to Mrs. Simpson. Mr. Bub's sympathy took the practical form of a post office appointment, for which Josh was abundantly grateful and promised to keep it quiet.

Bob Farrell and Sandy Matheson were not immolated on the altar of the Post Office Department, for they were up in Cameron's bush chopping and hauling logs. "I regret," gravely said Mr. Bub to Mr. Purgle when they were alone, "that this country cannot as yet avail itself of the services of Mr. Farrell and Mr. Matheson, to secure an increased efficiency in the postal service. When we consider the great benefit that the service is in the direction of enlightening the public mind and bringing about friendly intercourse between the various groups of our population, we cannot but regard the most elaborate arrangements for distribution of mail matter as a permanent necessity."

"Hear! hear!" said Bob, "but you'll have to greatly increase the numbers of civil servants if you intend to satisfy even ten per cent. of those you promise."

"On the contrary, young man, I mean in the interests of economy to greatly reduce the number of clerks and employees in all the departments. There are many hangers-on, who do nothing to merit a day's pay, and I propose to make a clean sweep of these caterpillars, and prune the civil service of this country down to a net working basis."

"That also will create vacancies?" ventured Bob.

"Precisely," said Mr. Bub; "it's not the places you fill, but the places you keep open, that endear you to your political friends."

"Well, doesn't the public ever get on to this post office racket, and pass the word on from one county to another?"

"No! you see they keep it mum. Besides, I vary it. Where I was the day before yesterday I appointed to the inland revenue, and to-morrow the customs will be on deck. But I don't know what the mischief to do down along the lake shore. Last election I promised to put a lighthouse on every rock along the shore, and the Old Man got on to me and took away the light ship that they already had. I guess we'll have to put the stuff in there this time."

In this way, with pleasant chit-chat, they whiled the hours away until they came to a considerable sized town, where they drew up into the shed of a hotel. Mr. Bub went upstairs to arrange some papers, and to get his speech ready for a meeting that evening. Bob went into the bar-room.

He was astonished to find the apathy with which everyone seemed to regard the subject of the election. "There's no interest in it this time," said one. Another, a scrawny specimen, with tangled red whiskers, called Whiskers McConnell, said that he hadn't heard anything yet that would make him cross the road to vote for anyone. "Cross the road," said another, whose neck, wrapped up in bandages and head twisted on one side, betokened boils, "cross the road; I won't get off this seat for either of them."

The day had become much milder, and clouds had come up, and the afternoon settled down under a dreary November drizzle that turned the snow into a pasty, muddy slush. There was a wet blanket over everything, especially over Bob's feelings as he looked through the window into the desolate world outside, and brought back his gaze to the indifferent figures within.

Nothing depresses a man more than to be thrown into the company of men who treat with indifferent contempt what he makes the centre of his enthusiasm. And never did academic grove harbor a philosopher, or monastic cell cloister a monk more indifferent than were these three bar-room stoics to the great issue and the great electoral struggle then impending.

Presently a four-wheeled, lumbering carriage came driving up rapidly past the window and into the stable. To relieve himself from the depressing company he was in, Bob got up and went out for a moment to look at the mud-splashed traveller, and as there appeared nothing unusual in him he went into the sitting room and began turning over the memorial notices in an old copy of the Christian Warder, in search of some of those gems of unconscious humor that so frequently commemorate the virtues of the righteous dead. Presently he noticed the man with the boils go out into the street with rather more haste than appeared to be usual with him. A few minutes later Whiskers McConnell also went out with a decided step, as if with some set purpose in his mind. Then the man with the boils passed the window in a vehicle, driving, driving furiously ; his driving was as the driving

of Jehu ; and the slush splashed copiously as he drove.

Bob got up and went into the bar-room. The late arrival had gone in to his supper. The man who had said that there was no interest in it this time declared to Bob that he didn't see any reason for a change, and that the Old Man was good enough for him. Bob twigged. Going up to the bar he ordered a hot whiskey, and casually asked the proprietor where Whiskers McConnell had gone. The proprietor, who made it a point to serve all sides with impartiality, said, "Over to the quarries to canvass the boys for the Old Man."

With apparent deliberation and astonishing celerity Bob swallowed that hot whiskey and mounted the staircase to Mr. Bub's room. Mr. Bub was in the midst of writing that swelling passage in which, after telling the intelligent electors how he was born and bred among them and had played with them in the old school yard, he urges them to cast aside all narrow sectarian and racial prejudices and to unite in completing the great work that had been inaugurated by the founders of this mighty confederation, etc., etc. He didn't like being disturbed by Bob, but the occasion was urgent, and he rose to it.

Within half an hour the man who had thought the Old Man was good enough for him was treating a dozen of fellows who had dropped in each for his own Dutch treat, and was telling them in tones of deep conviction, "I have been a follower of the Old Man all my life, but I think he's been too long in power and a change will do good." The man with the boils had put up his rig and was engaged in securing committee rooms for Mr. Bub; while Whiskers McConnell was canvassing the quarries in the interests of the Old Man's opponent.

The day-light came out again for a few minutes before it set, and a cold wind blowing briskly blew the drizzle away; the air was again bracing, and life was full of hope.

XVIII.

THE RESOLUTION OF THE LODGE.

On the day following, Mr. Bub, while not underestimating Bob's services in the rural parts, considered that it was about time for him to return to the metropolis and get to work on the difficult task of swinging No. 612½ into line. Bob being a member of the Fife Floggers knew more of their character than Mr. Bub, who was not a member. He might have told Mr. Bub that the Fife Floggers were not putty, but old hickory stuff; that they were not driven by others, but followed the road of their own reason (they called it), prejudice (others said); and that the most that could be done in the way of cajoling them was to persuade them to believe what they wished to believe. Yet, as a number of them, professing to have influence, had from time to time been given political offices under the belief that the others could be roped into line by those who got the offices, the result was that the outside public (Mr. Bub included) had the impression that the order was a vast political machine capable of being definitely handled.

The fact was the Fife Floggers invariably thought and voted as they pleased, and anyone talking politics in the lodges was liable to be promptly ruled out of order. This fact Bob well knew, but was not fool enough to tell to Mr. Bub.

When he reached the metropolis in the evening he found it in a state of great political excitement. The state of the law did not prohibit the wearing of badges or tokens as it does in Canada during the week of election, and everybody had taken sides. A fresh fall of snow had covered the ground, the sleighing was good, and sleigh after sleigh darted past, bright with many-colored lanterns and gay with bunting and flags. The fair sex revelled in the opportunities given for combining politics with finery; while even the indifferent dude on the streets wore a neat ribbon in his button hole.

The young men had got hold of the wood sleighs, which are very common in parts of the country, and are used for carrying logs. They consist of a platform on runners, with six movable stakes, three on each side of the platform, to prevent the logs falling off. When five or six of these sleighs, bearing the colors of their candidates, rushed past with a host of

strapping fellows aboard, roaring out cheers for their favorite, it was a sight to stir the blood. When also five or six sleighs of the opposite color met them in the streets, and all hands plucked out the sleigh stakes or whatever came to hand and laid on in the fervor of youth and the sincerity of conscious right, then deeds were enacted which men are wont to tell their grandchildren, and which reminded Bob of what he had heard of the old roaring days of open voting.

Bob might have joined the sleighs of the Bub faction, but some of the fellows aboard told him that they intended to get even with the other fellows for slugging young Black up in Pedlar's Bush. From which he opined that they meant to carry the fun further than he cared to go. So, instead of joining the sleighs, he made his way to the lodge, which was meeting that night.

He entered with the proper knocks, passwords and countersigns, and also with a strong resolution in his pocket endorsing Mr. Bub, and expressing complete want of confidence in the Old Man.

A few minutes later Bill Roopy entered, similarly equipped, except that his resolution

endorsed the Old Man and expressed want of confidence in Mr. Bub.

Both Bob and Bill moved about a good deal, making a quiet canvass, and to Bob it seemed that he had the losing end of the thing,—that he wasn't making much headway. He was heartily glad, therefore, when one of the old charter members called them both together in a corner of the lodge room and told them that if they tried to break up the harmony of the lodge by any politics, he'd have them both thrown down stairs. He thereupon produced a mild, double-headed resolution that enunciated very broad principles which all could stand on without wetting their feet. Both sides agreed to it; it passed unanimously; Bill seized Bob's resolution to shew to the Old Man as an earnest of his zeal; and Bob reciprocated by preserving Bill's resolution, that Mr. Bub should understand how strenuous the contest had been on his behalf.

Bob had reason to feel satisfied with himself, and did, until on the way down stairs one of the members clapped him on the shoulders and remarked, "Young fellow, you'd have a better pull with the boys if you didn't talk so much Bub."

"What have you against Mr. Bub?"

"Oh! I have nothing; but you must remember he was blackballed in 612½ about a year ago."

Which information, however, didn't make any difference in the pleasing report which Mr. Bub received from his agent, Mr. Robert Purgle, about the split in the Fife Floggers.

Bill Roopy had also reason to feel satisfied with himself that evening, as far as the proceedings of 612½ went, and still more as to the results of his personal canvass of the members, ninety per cent. of whom were for the Old Man; but he had entered the lodge room with a lugubrious countenance, and the shadows deepened as the night wore on. But he had a reason for his face.

XIX.

THE WOOING OF MISS ALLIE.

Bill Roopy's sadness was due to certain proceedings in, or at, or in front of, the house of Allie. He was very fond of Miss Allie. Miss Allie rather liked Bill. He was an astonishing compound of great astuteness and simplicity. His foundation was manhood, with a superstructure of political sagacity. He looked clean and wholesome, his voice was "magnetic," as the Americans call it (being too lazy to explain what magnetic means). There was something intensely likeable about Bill Roopy. But why, oh, why did he always call when the old gentleman was at home?

On the evening when 612½ met, Mr. Roopy called upon Miss Allie. He did not mean the visit for Mr. Allie, Senior; nevertheless Mr. Allie was in. Up in his famous library he was hard at work upon his great book. Having finished the excellent chapter on "Anglican Divines who have become Dignitaries of the Roman Church," he was proceeding to supplement it by

a companion chapter on "The Value of Religious Apostacy to a Young Statesman." He had just fairly got launched into the subject, when a step came to the door below and a ring on the door bell.

Now, every householder and ratepayer naturally takes every ring upon the door bell on his own house as *prima facie* meant for him. He may have a squad of sons and a bevy of marriageable daughters, but the house is his and eke the door bell. Ergo the ring is for him, and by those who have business with him, or should have.

So Mr. Allie, Senior, left his important labors, rushed down the staircase, and opened the door with considerable decision. "Good evening!" he said, glaring through his spectacles at Mr. Roopy. "Is Miss Aliie at home?" inquired the visitor. Mr. Allie was not pleased at this; at least he did not shew it if he was. "Well, you're a cool one," he said, and began a sort of half catechism, half Phillipic, as if he combined in his one self a father confessor and a Dutch uncle.

Did the young man have nothing better to do than to be disturbing respectable people when he ought to be at work earning his living?

What did he mean, anyhow? Did he purpose maintaining a family on political pilferings or the wages of a pot-house heeler? and so on, with just enough truth in everything to dig beneath the skin. Miss Allie threw Bill a sort of indescribable gesture from the window, which Bill understood. In fact she tapped her own head with one finger. She then retired and dissolved in tears; in other words, she alternately snivelled and clenched her fist and said things which she didn't say well, and which her pretty little mouth was never meant to say. Afterwards she brightened up and made a hundred wild plans for circumventing the old gentleman.

Mr. Bill Roopy's remarks throughout the whole interview were in good taste; he said nothing. But as soon as there was a lull in the proceedings, he turned and went away. Nevertheless Bill felt rough enough by the time he reached the hallowed precincts of 612½.

Mr. Allie, Senior, went up stairs and rapidly sketched out an article for the magazine, on "The Responsibility of Romance Writers for the Prevalence of Calf-Love." In which article he analyzed the tender passion in a masterly fashion, with many unanswerable arguments.

drawn from the most learned and cultured men of all ages. It is true that his arguments do not appeal to young people. But in Canada none of us venture to be young, for it is a young country, where no man is given a chance until he is forty-five. So to me his arguments appear unanswerable, lest I be called "young" the next time I run an election.

XX.

AN OLD-FASHIONED ELECTION.

The proceedings on the day after the meeting of No. 612½ were conducted in a fashion to which Bob was not accustomed, and which reminded him a good deal of what he had heard from old men about the splendid days of open voting. There had been considerable skirmishing about in a very higgledy-piggledy fashion on the day before, and a few heads were broken in a desultory and inartificial way, but there was no serious or organized disturbance of the public peace. The skirmishing had resulted, however, in a general feeling of irritation on both sides, till all the young bucks were rubbed up so raw that you couldn't look at one of them without starting a fight.

In this state of feeling it was rumoured in each camp that the other side intended hostilities on a larger scale. With the result that the followers of the Old Man determined to go seek the followers of Mr. Bub, and break them up. While the followers of Mr. Bub were equally enthusiastic about rinsing out the followers of the Old Man.

When mustered into their sleighs and waggon (for the sleighing had become precarious) the followers of Mr. Bub were quite a bit more numerous than their opponents. Unfortunately the Bubites divided their forces. Part of their sleighs went scouring through the residence districts, not meeting many of the Old Man's belligerents, and easily demolishing those they did meet. While they were thus engaged things were not going so well elsewhere.

The larger section of the Bubite sleighs and all their waggon, armed chiefly with walking canes, not to mention the "firearms, swords, staves, bludgeons, etc.," which were prohibited by the Elections Act to which Bob was accustomed, marched up the main street. Their outfit was an imposing one, and the attitude of these fierce young men, all decked out in their party colors, was calculated to inspire timorousness. They were looking for trouble, and there were others who helped them to find the object of their search.

About a quarter of a mile from the Rustler House they suddenly came upon the main body of their enemy, lined up on a side street. Then there were strained relations.

The Bubites fought with valor, but they were

outnumbered, as well as out-classed in experience. Conspicuous among them was Mr. Wienerwurst, who professed physical development as well as elocution. He grassed one too enthusiastic young man with a right-hander in the neck; and was seen to floor one of the prominent combatants for the Old Man by hurling at him an empty beer bottle. Afterwards he used to maintain that the bottle was of case-goods, and nearly full, for he sought to claim self-sacrifice as well as valor. Those who knew him better disallowed the claim.

Despite the vigor with which they contested the issue, the Bubites were hopelessly defeated. The charioteers and combatants in most of the vehicles nearest to the followers of the Old Man abandoned their posts and scattered ignominiously; the intermediate waggons melted along the various side streets, making for the suburbs; while the rear ranks drove helter-skelter towards the river, followed by the waggon containing the heroic body, soul and thirst of Mr. Wienerwurst, who attempted to rally the others and keep them together.

With a cheer like thunder, and with a clatter-batter and roar like a squadron of artillery, the Old Man's forces charged down the street after

the Bubites. Without remission they chased them sheer to the river bank, where, there being no other chance of escape, the horses plunged boldly in, and swam to the small island of mud that had formed about the broken buttresses of the old Iron Bridge.

Here they drew themselves up, a forlorn and dismal host. Their opponents, having jeered them for a quarter of an hour, proceeded to the nearest grocery stores, and invested in all the brooms on the premises. With these proudly erect, they made their way up through all the leading streets of the metropolis, glorying in their victory, and cheering like mad for their patron, the Old Man.

After the victors were well out of sight, the dismantled waggons and sleighs of the Bubites were brought back to the mainland with the assistance of some friendly scow-men on the river. On counting their losses, it was discovered that one team of horses had been drowned, and the sleigh top, with two of its six stakes still standing, was to be seen floating far down the stream.

Then they missed for the first time Mr. Wienerwurst, and nothing in the whole day's proceedings cast a deeper gloom over their hearts than

the drowning of that unfortunate young man. There were tears in their eyes as they narrated his sad demise to Mr. Robert Purgle, who just then drove up in a light buggy.

"When do any of you last remember seeing him?" said Mr. Purgle.

Then they compared notes, and one had seen him on his waggon not more than a quarter of a mile, or five hundred yards, from the river.

"I can hardly believe he is drowned," said Bob in a tone of deep feeling. Then he added to himself, "I never knew Wienerwurst to be the worse for water."

The shattered Bubites repaired to the Big River Boathouse to dry their clothes, and also, be it known, to keep out of the way of their victors of the day.

Bob, under pretence of breaking the sad news to the relatives of the drowned hero, drove slowly off the other way. As he proceeded for about a quarter of a mile up the street, he looked carefully at all the buildings. Then he drew up, and tied his horse at the door of "The Why Not," and, going into the bar, he said a gentleman had agreed to meet him about here,—giving a short description of Mr. Wienerwurst. The hotel-keeper looked at him

suspiciously, and said there was a gentleman of that appearance upstairs in the parlor, but he had left word he didn't care to be disturbed.

Bob then produced his card, and asked the hotel-keeper to present it to the gentleman upstairs; which being done, he was informed that he might go up.

He found Mr. Wienerwurst in the parlor, in the easiest chair in the parlor, with one foot on each of two other chairs; in his left hand a translation of a French novel, and on the table at his right the remains of some crackers and cheese, a two-quart jug, and a half-filled glass of beer, from which he was gulping from time to time.

"Glad to see you, Robert," exclaimed the illustrious elocutionist, "you're just in time for the last glass," which saying, he poured out two-thirds of a glass of beer for Bob, and filled his own glass with the remainder.

"Why, I understood you were drowned in the Big River!"

"No! I didn't proceed as far as the river. Just told the fellows on our waggon that I preferred to sit at the back so as to act as rear-guard when enemy the should catch us. Of course,

they protested, but none of them really hankered for the job. They were going lickety-brindle for the water when we came to the lane just a bit above the house where I slipped off into the lane like a shot and followed it round to the Sunday door of The Why Not. The window over there commands a view of the river, and I was a bit sorry for the boys and had to sit down and have a little snifter to their safe return."

"I see you have had a two-quart jug for your little snifter."

"Yes, I had only ten cents, so I ordered the two quarts imperial. The boss was good-natured about it; said there wasn't much in it for him wholesale; preferred retail trade himself."

Whereupon, Bob ordered up a couple of bottles, to which, owing to the substantial handicap of the jug, he was enabled to do even-handed justice along with the other presiding magistrate. After which they drove to the Rustler.

XXI.

THE STREET WHERE MR. ALLIE LIVED.

Bill Roopy was not satisfied with the result of his first fall at the house of Allie. He did not mean to take his dismissal at the hands of Mr. Allie, nor even from Miss Allie—he didn't mean to take it at all. Miss Allie also was of the opinion that everything in the nature of an offer should be addressed to her, and acceptance or rejection should lie with herself only. Both of which ideas are unreasonable and have been completely exploded in the magazine article written by Mr. Allie, Senior, and mentioned in a preceding chapter.

The result was, anyhow, that these two young people had met sufficiently often inside twenty-four hours to have arranged a code of signals, a sort of Morse alphabet, with the curtain in Miss Allie's room. These signals, made by lowering or raising the curtain, indicated a variety of things with precision. Strange to say, though both young people indignantly repudiated the notion of the old gentleman having anything to

do with their affairs, yet a majority of the signals had reference to his movements.

Thus it happened, that when Mr. Roopy was walking slowly and steadily down the street on the evening of the day of the memorable contest in which the Bubites were driven into the Big River, when Mr. Roopy, I say, was deliberately and calmly marching down the street looking steadily at everything but the house of Mr. Allie, it happened that the curtain in Miss Allie's room was at half-mast. Now, I shall not say that Bill Roopy saw this curtain, but the fact remains, that he did not hesitate, but walked slowly and solemnly past—in the language of an Elizabethan writer—"as demure as a six-penny brown loaf."

Despite his studious habits, Mr. Allie, Senior, was a public-spirited man, and took a keen interest especially in the doings of his own street. Thus, when some young scape-graces took the trouble to climb up and turn off the lights on the street, he pursued them with the vigor of a younger man and took one of them home to his mother by the ear, and frightened the mother out of her wits by telling her the deed committed by her boy was a penitentiary offence.

Moreover, that very day he had seen a small

boy coming along the street, crying bitterly, and, assuming that the boy was crying with the cold, he called to the little urchin in a tone that scared him out of his seven senses, and made him sit by the fire to get warm. Miss Allie was greatly relieved when she saw the little one depart like Tom Thumb from an Ogre's castle. Because she remembered another small boy case, when, being asked by the terrific old gentleman what he was crying about, and being too scared to answer, the lad was told that, if he didn't straighten up his mug he would be given something to cry about, and so went down the street tearless, but with a subdued and bewildered expression.

On this particular evening, the old gentleman was thinking of what he had heard about the disgraceful and disorderly scenes that had been enacted on the main streets of the metropolis. And every time he heard any noise on his street he went to the shuttered window of his library to judge if it were something so serious as to require his interposition. The result was, that he was in a peculiar state of irritability by the time Mr. Roopy appeared on the scene of action. To this day Mr. Bill Roopy doesn't know what he missed by not stopping at the door of the

house of Allie on that particular evening, when he might have seen (but I do not say he did see) the curtain at half-mast in the upstairs room.

Mr. Allie, Senior, was first surprised, then disappointed, and finally disgusted, to see Mr. Roopy pass by without so much as a glance at the house. Strange to say, he regarded it as a sort of insulting neglect on Mr. Roopy's part. His attention, however, was soon engaged by an occurrence that passed very quickly.

Along the street came a wood sleigh, bearing the party colors of Mr. Bub, speeding swiftly over the ground at the will of its horses. The occupants, who were not greatly minding their driving, were singing with the misty hilariousness that properly belongs to men who have loaded up, then partially sobered, then loaded again the same day—what in some parts they call "getting a wet biscuit," from the supposition that a biscuit has to be twice cooked.

This sight of levity and disorder was enough to set the blood of Mr. Allie at 212 degrees Fahrenheit. I am told by a learned physician that a hundred odd is all the blood has any license to go and the owner live; but the expression, "blood boil," is classical, and I therefore claim the right to use it.

But what was Mr. Allie's amazement, when he saw the sleigh stop abreast of Mr. Roopy and three of its occupants jump down and run at that very peaceful citizen. In the twinkling of an eye he saw the foremost of the three thrown violently over Bill's shoulders, and the second go down with a left hand smash on the ear, while the third, coming up, brought down a sleigh stake on Bill's head with such force that he came to the ground like a log.

To Mr. Allie, who took a great pride in the respectability and orderliness of his street, this seemed clearly a case for his interposition. He opened the library window, and, in a voice of authority that would have been the envy of a sergeant-major, called out "Here! What's all that about?" The unexpected sound so discomfited the wielder of the sleigh stake that he actually paused in the effort of giving Roopy a finisher, and waited until Mr. Allie had rushed down stairs and out through the front door on to the street.

"You young blackguards," roared the preserver of peace, "away out of this with you!" The holder of the sleigh stake was so shaken with the sound that he recoiled a pace or two,

while the other two assailants of Mr. Roopy looked confused and about half-gathered.

Then one of the fellows on the sleigh, noticing that after all the new-comer was an old, grey-haired man and unarmed, called out, "Why don't you finish him, Jerry? Never mind the old cock."

The "old cock" cast through his spectacles a glance at the speaker that half-sobered him. But Jerry raised the sleigh stake again and seemingly meant to let it drop where it would do good. Suddenly, however, another flash passed out from the door of the house of Allie, and somebody pushed into Jerry, scattering him and his stake a dozen feet out into the street. This was no less a person than Miss Allie.

The discomfited Jerry got up with a savage expression on his countenance, and who knows how the story would have ended had not one of the spectators on the sleigh been soberer than the others and than he liked. "Come on, boys," he yelled, "I am dry, let's give three cheers for the girl and have another drink." The sentence wasn't very logical or consecutive, but it worked. With three cheers for the girl and three more for the "old cock," they drove furiously to the next tavern, there to celebrate, manifoldly, their

victory over the Old Man's pet heeler, the notorious Bill Roopy.

Behind them on the sidewalk they left a scene that would have been fame for a tragic painter. The slender girl standing in helpless agony, the venerable old man like a Druid bending over a human sacrifice, and the stalwart figure of Bill Roopy lying prone on the pavement with a gash on his head in which you could have laid two fingers. A tragic sight it was, and rough on Bill Roopy.

XXII.

THE CONVALESCENCE OF BILL ROOPY.

Mr. Allie, Senior, among other branches of learning, had a theoretical knowledge of surgery—sufficient at any rate to enjoy a case like the present. Bending over the prostrate heeler, he gently wiped the wound with his handkerchief, and examined it with the interest of a man of science. “H’m!” he said to himself, “a pretty good gash! Lucky the young man’s skull is so thick!” This may seem rather an unfair advantage to take of Mr. Roopy—in fact, it was like saying things behind his back. But then Mr. Allie made the same remark several times to the gentleman after he had recovered consciousness. So we may take it that he was merely making a scientific observation.

Miss Allie stood by very nervously; fearing that her fiancée was either dead or dying, but not wishing to show her hand. “Hadn’t I better go in and ring for the ambulance and have him taken to the hospital,” she insinuated.

Mr. Allie turned about and glared at her, then he almost roared, “No! you heartless flirt

Don't you see he's not in a fit condition to be moved that distance? Go and get some of the neighbors to help carry him into the house."

Then it came about that Mr. Roopy, quite unconsciously and unexpectedly to himself, was installed as a guest in the house of Allie.

Now, undoubtedly, the reader can picture to himself the devoted Miss Allie, sitting the long hours out at the sick-bed of her darling Bill, while he slowly recovered consciousness or tossed in the delirium of a fever. This the reader can imagine if he likes. It has its advantages for both fiction and fact, and we all know men who have married nurses. Still, this is a narrative of fact, and we mustn't twist the threads of truth for purposes of romance.

Mr. Allie, Senior, thought, rightly thought, that a young girl, and an amateur at that, could not, and certainly should not, discharge the duties of a hospital nurse. Accordingly he rang up the best doctor he knew of, and made him retain a professional nurse without delay. The result was that in a couple of days Bill Roopy was sufficiently well to sit up in bed, and even quarrel a little with the nurse. In the meantime Mr. Allie had engaged the learned physician in the library, and proceeded to dis-

pute all his views and generally break him up. Indeed, for several days Mr. Allie observed repeatedly to his daughter that he didn't think that doctor knew much, and also that he didn't think that doctor had much sense. He kept the doctor employed, however, and paid him without grumbling. He even stated afterwards that he liked him very much.

Mr. Roopy, as soon as he was able to sit up and know himself, stated that he ought to be going home, or, as he himself more accurately expressed it later on, he made a bluff about going home. Mr. Allie wouldn't hear of it. "Bosh! Stuff!" etc., etc. "Young man, when you talk rubbish like that I begin to think that stick went deeper than it looked. You stay right where you are." Accordingly Bill stayed.

Singular as it may seem, Mr. Allie had conceived a great liking for Bill Roopy, and to nothing else can it be attributed than that the very studious and peaceful old man had observed Bill floor two of his assailants with nature's weapons. This, he argued with himself, was an indication of manliness, which could hardly have been expected from a young man who wasted his evenings talking to that fool girl (meaning thereby Miss Allie).

So much possessed was the old gentleman with the exhibition of manliness offered by Bill, that he re-read certain of the classics, wherein are described some not very up-to-date slugging matches between the Sullivans and Corbetts of antiquity. Not satisfied with this, the indefatigable scholar routed out from among his literary treasures sundry more modern instances relating to heroes called Heenan, Sayers, Mace, and so forth.

Having rejuvenated himself with this healthy and invigorating food, he sat down to write an article for a periodical on "The Effeminacy of our Legislatures ; or, Laws Against Pugilism as a Symptom of Degeneracy." In this article he derided the nerveless, flabby members, who, to curry favor with females and namby-pamby, mawkish hypocrites, did their utmost to destroy the manly art. This article created quite a sensation, and gave the public at once the impression that this Mr. Allie was a personage of extraordinary ferocity and strength.

In the meantime Mr. Bill Roopy was not suffering very much. Miss Allie visited him now and then, and they got on very well together. She said he musn't talk much, which was a great relief to Bill, for words seemed only

to stand in the way of what he wished to express. Somehow things managed to get themselves expressed without much palaver.

It wasn't all honey, however, for Bill. The old gentleman occasionally started to sound him as to what he was doing, what he had been doing, and what he could do. He left Bill with the impression that his somewhat unclassical education gave the old gentleman a rather low opinion of him. In fact Mr. Allie sniffed at his attainments.

The old gentleman, however, was not enquiring without an object. He just wished to know exactly how far Bill's education made him fit for any employment. When he had enough information on this point he went straight to the Old Man. The Old Man was accustomed to all kinds of people addressing him with all manner of soft soap and sycophancy. It was somewhat of a variety to him to hear such plain talk and savage directness as he heard from the venerable old gentleman. So impressed was he that he promised a good appointment for Bill on the spot. Whereupon Mr. Allie, being of a literary turn of mind, produced a sheet of paper engrossed by himself, with a blank for the appointment, and handed it to the Old Man to

fill in. The proceeding so tickled the Old Man, who had a keen sense of humor (or perhaps he didn't care to turn the sharp pen of the old gentleman against him just on the eve of election), that he signed the appointment.

Mr. Allie took the precaution to have it gazetted, giving the people in the department, and in the printing office, no peace until it was safely issued in the official paper. Which being done, he presented the signed appointment to Mr. Bill Roopy, wouldn't hear any thanks, and told him he had better go and report and attend to his business.

XXIII.

THE DAY OF POLLING.

At last the polls were opened, and everything hung in suspense. For the past three or four days the struggle had been terrible all over the regions. As you may have seen in a tug-of-war between teams of burly policemen: first, one side throws itself upon the rope, and the stout rope almost sings with the tension, while the handkerchief slips a few inches over the line. Then the other side rallies, and the handkerchief glides slowly but irresistibly back beyond the mark. So it was in the various ridings. Things began in an inaction on both sides, half lazy, half vigilant. Then Mr. Bub would throw the weight of his campaign fund on the rope, the rope would strain and things would go his way. Later on the Old Man's pay car would arrive on the scene, and block the way to the Bubite success.

From the first it was manifest that Mr. Bub was better heeled with the sinews of war, and that the workers of the Old Man were relying on astuteness to make head against the "stuff."

Mr. Bub had sent his workers through one rather savage district, buying the inhabitants at twenty dollars apiece. When the missionaries for the Old Man arrived, they had but ten apiece to offer, but they did not despair. "Give me up that twenty," they would say to an unsophisticated elector, "and I'll give you thirty."

In one group of constituencies the Bubites had planted money so thickly, that to have outbid them the other side must have spent more than the Old Man could spare or raise. His workers came to him from this part with downcast looks, and, so to speak, their tails between their legs. "I'll go myself," said the Old Man; and go he did.

On his arrival he at once proceeded to make a terrific denunciation of the corruption employed by his opponent; spent just enough money to get some of the bribed to come forward on the repentance stool, and confess to the electors the means used to win their votes. Then the Old Man started a gigantic wave of political and moral reform, that completely swept the floor for him in that part of the country; with the result that on the day of the election he polled away ahead from those constituencies.

Unfortunately, however, the Old Man couldn't be everywhere, and, though he rushed hither and thither, he couldn't stay long enough anywhere to complete his work. Though many of his opponents, like Mr. Bub himself, were much more showy in their eloquence than he, yet they all seemed to avoid meeting him on the platform. This appeared more than anything else to be due to his invincible fearlessness. But, chase through the country as he might, he could not, with his crippled campaign fund, make head in every quarter against his numberless small opponents, who, dribbling small moneys everywhere, and retailing small roorbacks, snapped at his heels without daring to face him. He said in one place he "felt like a rat nibbled by mice."

Nevertheless, wherever he did go, he made it difficult for Mr. Bub's financial sowers to get their seed in. Not that the Old Man did not use corrupt means to the greatest extent. But, he used his corruption so ably, naturally almost, that the men he corrupted seemed to themselves to have taken the shilling for principle, and to be doing battle for purity in public life. In contrast to the Old Man's methods, the workings of the Bubites seemed coarse and sordid, so that

the man corrupted felt like a thief when he took his bribe.

This made it more expensive on Mr. Bub than it should have been. Wherever he went he found the purchasable element coquetting behind a veil of assumed political morality.

"I am out for principle this time," said one, "and it will take two knots to move me."

"What are two knots?" asked the puzzled missionary.

"Two naughts are one hundred dollars," was the unequivocal answer.

But the heaviest item of expense for Mr. Bub was what he called his re-insurance account. It was necessary to keep a string of well-known men driving from one part of the country to another to reassure the voters that Mr. Bub's chances were good, and that the fellows were going with him in all parts of the country. This had to be done to give confidence to that most numerous and meanest of all political cowards, the coward who is afraid of losing his vote.

In order to make this work effective, the re-assurers must necessarily be men of prominence; at least reeves or deputy-reeves in their own localities. These came high. Several of them had scruples, and their scruples cost some

thousands to purge away. They succeeded, however, in creating a widespread feeling that Mr. Bub was running strong.

It may be thought that the rowdyism and contests among the cudgel-bearing supporters of both candidates would seriously affect the vote. But this was not the case ; for the young men were pretty evenly divided, and seemed to regard the business as an athletic sport, in which only the players were to be attacked. A tacit understanding also prevented the use of firearms or knives. The stick in its various forms, from a swagger-cane to a cordwood stick, supplemented occasionally by a beer-bottle, formed the staple articles of persuasion. The result was a great deal of noise and excitement, but few serious casualties.

Indeed, now that Bill Roopy was able to sit up, as far as could be learned, the only fatal case was that of a young man who had died in the hospital from concussion on the brain. Nor was even he lost to the affairs of his country. For he voted early in the day, and, it is believed, on behalf of the Old Man. This we infer from the fact that later in the day Mr. Wienerwurst, having employed a power of attorney for seven other voters, came in to represent the deceased

(per proc) in the interests of Mr. Bub. This very unselfish proceeding was strongly objected to by the scrutineers for the Old Man, who wanted Mr. Wienerwurst sworn and arrested. He treated the matter with disdain, and, striking an attitude that would have done for Coriolanus addressing the plebs, he said, "Well, really! if you will insist on acting in so ungentlemanly a manner, I shall actually decline to vote," and retired.

The feeling throughout the day, of polling was that the contest was the closest on record, and the interest was at fever heat by the hour when the polls closed.

XXIV.

THE RETURNS.

Election day was a season of intense movement in the various newspaper offices. All the dailies had made extensive preparations for hanging out canvasses, on which to reflect the returns as they came in. But among all the newspapers the "Morning Up-to-Date" had taken the most elaborate precautions in one respect namely, to be ready, aye, thrice ready, to kick the man on the ground.

This paper was by a good bit the brightest pertest, concisest and and most readable of all the dailies. It worshipped success, and had no mercy on failures of any kind, except, of course, the failures of its business department to meet its obligations. It treated old-established customs and grave characters with a shocking but mirth-giving levity. It was even suspected of encouraging a loose religious and moral tone,—an offence never forgiven by the staid and respectable inhabitants of the regions. In fact it openly advocated running on the Sabbath day a pernicious system of transporting the

people from one portion of the metropolis to another. But I digress.

The "Morning Up-to-Date" was prepared to the hilt for the event. It had in type a long and elaborate editorial, of which a quarter column was given to lauding the many public acts of the Old Man, and three columns and a half were taken up in analyzing the career and character of Mr. Bub, showing that it was impossible to succeed with a creature, whom it termed a great fat buffoon, a political upstart, a swollen blatherskite, and so forth.

There was also in type an article of the same number of sticks, giving a short commendation of Mr. Bub as an up-to-date statesman, with the requisite youth and energy to conduct a progressive and go-ahead administration; and ascribing the defeat of the Old Man to a policy of drift. This article drew a very unfavorable picture of the Old Man, and wound up by commending the public good sense in leaving such a worn-out trickster deposited upon the heap by the stable door.

The result of the returns was such the night of election day, that, in its following day's issue, the Up-to-Date appeared with the latter article in conspicuous style, and with the parts which

"put the boots" to the Old Man double-leaded.

The excitement in the streets during the progress of the evening, when one return after another was flashed upon the canvas screens, grew and still grew as the majorities, first on one side then on the other, seemed to balance one another. It was like a boat-race, when spurt answered spurt, with the Bubites mostly leading by a small margin, until they crossed the line, narrow winners. The last return was in.

The triumphant voices of the Bubites shook the streets, till the great buildings rocked and swayed. Through the great thoroughfares rolled the ponderous state carriage of Mr. Bub, drawn by numberless willing hands, and, with a tramping like the shock of an earthquake, the mob whirled it along to the magnificent palace of the successful candidate.

Mr. Bub received all alike with a grave "Thank you," and much fat shaking of the hand. Men, who a week ago had been proclaiming from the house tops, "I have been an Old-Manite all my life, I'm a yellow dog Old-Manite," came forward and were received with the same graciousness as those who had spent

time, money, work, and often reputation to advance the cause of Mr. Bub.

In this he differed from the Old Man, who would have received these new friends with good humor, and made them go away better pleased with themselves, but at the same time would have quizzed them enough to shew the true faithful how he reckoned new for old in matters of friendship.

The address delivered by Mr. Bub from the balcony of his palace was a grand and masterly production, carefully composed in his leisure moments, before he entered upon the turmoil of this great, and never-to-be-forgotten, struggle. Bob, who had watched the proceedings of the evening with the semi-interested unconcern of a man whose work is done, and whose responsibility has ceased, did not wait for the finish of this gorgeous word painting. He quietly stole away to the precincts of the Rustler House, to see how the Old Man took his licking.

After his many years of extraordinary and unquestioned power, the Old Man had fallen, and seemingly for ever. The greatness of his ruin was something almost beyond conception, and Bob wished to see what effect such an

appalling catastrophe would have on the external appearance of the once jaunty Old Man.

To his surprise he found a much greater number of sympathizers in the rotunda than he could have hoped for. The Old Man going about among them in his best style, and with more of his old geniality than ever, had succeeded in making of the winter of their discontent a sort of transient Indian summer, that lasted as long as the radiance of his personality was with them.

After a few moments Bob was enabled to get a long, steady glance at the face of this inextinguishable personage, and the expression lurking in it gave him a bad start. The expression of the Old Man's face was the amused disdain with which a man, lying on the grass, allows an urchin to wrestle with him and seem to overcome him. "What can the old blackguard have up his sleeve," thought Bob, and, as he thought, the memory of the returns, blazoned on the canvas screens, and the roaring charge of the mob, dragging the great carriage of Mr. Bub, and the rolling periods delivered with a thundering magniloquence from the balcony, all seemed to grow faint, and far-off, and wishy-washy, when Bob looked that Old Man in the eyes.

The Old Man caught sight of Bob looking steadily at him, and stepped over to him, laughing pleasantly as he came.

"Well," he said, with a deluge of irony in his tone, "you've nailed the Old Man this time. How do you like his successor?"

"I think," said Bob, "that he ought to make a pretty fair fist at the job."

"Undoubtedly," said the Old Man, "*by the time I hand over the affairs of this region to him* he will have been able to mature many superior schemes. Mr. Bub is the highest type of an amateur politician;" saying which, he familiarly shook Bob by the shoulders, winked and flitted away.

XXV.

A JUDICIAL RECOUNT.

Bob Purgle was wandering down the main street of the metropolis in the morning about ten o'clock, when he observed along a side street a considerable crowd gathered in front of the Court House. Thinking that some very sensational trial was on, probably a murder case, he hastened up just in time to see the judges pass into the building.

Bob had often heard of the learning and uprightness of the occupants of the judicial bench, and was surprised to see before him three men whom he well knew by sight, but who he did not think had yet departed from mother earth.

One, the chief among them, was gloomy, with an air of wisdom and probity, that, if genuine, betokened more wisdom and probity than ever before were enthroned in the brain or heart of a human creature.

The second was principally noted for his invincible and ineludible memory for the finest details of fact and his complete inability to remember even the faintest rudiments of law.

The third was a judicial Gatling gun. He could hear cases as rapidly as a musician can strike the notes of the piano, and rap out decisions a dozen times quicker than thought, at least quicker than thought is conducted by ordinary and rational brain-machinery.

These three wonderful and incorruptible men entered the Court House with a majestic gravity and inscrutable austerity upon their countenances, which were being scrutinized with anxiety by all the spectators.

Bob was a considerable bit puzzled by all this interest shown in the judges, and looked around to see if he could meet somebody that could enlighten him. His eyes rested on Mr. Wienerwurst, who, among his many trades, occupations and vicissitudes (and his occupations always became vicissitudes), had been a law student.

Mr. Wienerwurst informed him that there was going to be a judicial recount, scrutiny or summing up, or something which Bob didn't clearly understand, not of every ballot, but of the totals sent in by the deputy-returning officers. "When I heard that," said Mr. Wienerwurst, "you can just bet I went over to see Mr. Bub and get my pay, but he wasn't in, so I have been on the lookout for him ever since."

"You seem apprehensive of the result."

"There are always chances of the returns being rendered illegible, so that a three may be taken for an eight. I deny that the fact of my having been a student in the office of one of their Lordships has anything to do with my apprehensions."

"Then the judges are honest?"

"Yes, their oath of office makes them upright. They became judges for reasons we shall not enter upon. Others have become judges for worse reasons. They, at least, have not sold their country to become so. And, even if they had, you must remember that the politician who sells his vote, sells his constituents, sells his religion and sells his eternal soul to be appointed judge, becomes by virtue of his oath of office an upright judge, fair minded, just, equitable, unswerving, incorruptible, doing justice between man and man, without favor and without partiality, but 'according to law, equity and good conscience.'"

"True, true," exclaimed Bob, "mighty is the power of an oath. I have joined eleven secret and fraternal societies, oath-bound and ceremonious. An obligation solemnly taken at the altar makes one put off the old man and take on

the new. I have done it eleven times without losing flesh. I guess I'll go with you, and get my pay also."

Yet there did not appear to be any reason for these apprehensions in the attitude assumed by the three grave jurists who sat upon the bench. They appeared, throughout, to rather incline towards snubbing the counsel for the Old Man, cutting him short, so that he appeared with difficulty to restrain his impatience. To the counsel for Mr. Bub, on the other hand, they extended every indulgence, and listened to him with marked deference.

This made Mr. Wienerwurst all the more uneasy; he could scarcely sit still. Finally, this partiality towards Mr. Bub's counsel became so conspicuous that the distinguished elocutionist and ex-law student could stand it no longer. "Come on, Bob," he said, "there's not a moment to lose; we must get our pay."

Bob followed him out on to the street, considerably astonished at his anxiety. "Why, they're giving the Old Man the short end every time," he said.

"I've seen that game before. Let's get our pay." So they went to interview Mr. Bub, but Mr. Bub was carefully out; upon which Mr.

Wienerwurst made exact inquiries as to his whereabouts, and even went so far as to calculate the right time for intercepting Mr. Bub on his return, so as to leave no stone unturned to get their pay before the recount should be finished.

Our two worthies, having settled an hour of appointment when they should meet in the rotunda of the Rustler, each proceeded on his own way.

Mr. Wienerwurst borrowed a dollar from Bob (lent with misgivings), and proceeded to keep an important engagement of his in the neighborhood of the River.

Mr. Purgle, on the other hand, had conceived a new interest in the occupants of the bench, and his curiosity led him to re-visit the Court House and endure the somewhat tedious proceedings of a recount.

What astonished him most was the rapidity with which proceedings were being conducted. That judge, who was noted for his celerity and, dispatch in business, was entrusted with the task of opening and reading the various return papers, which he did in an even, monotonous voice, that flowed with great rapidity and made its listeners drowsy as it flowed.

It was curious to notice the effect on the two

lawyers. The counsel for the Old Man very seldom interrupted, being, apparently, sulky and much chafed with the treatment he had received from the bench. While the counsel for Mr. Bub seemed pretty much disarmed by the courtesy with which he had been received, and had gradually ceased making the objections which he had so constantly urged in the earlier hours of the recount. The effect, therefore, was that the counting judge's monotonous voice continued to flow on in its steady stream. People in the back benches of the court room dozed off. Even his companion judges yawned from time to time, and the lawyers themselves became drowsy. But still the judge read on the same monotonous returns, in the same, smooth, rapid, invariable voice.

At six o'clock p.m. they adjourned for tea, the judges expressing their intention of resuming work and finishing it that night, if it should take till morning.

After tea Bob did not return to the Court House, but proceeded to the Rustler to keep his appointment with Mr. Wienerwurst. After waiting half an hour, he left word that he had been there, and proceeded rapidly towards the river to look for Mr. Wienerwurst. This latter

gentleman he, without any preliminary searchings, unearthed at the Why Not, large as life. But something in Mr. Wienerwurst's manner told Mr. Robert Purgle that it would be unnecessary to visit Mr. Bub that evening.

Accordingly they agreed to postpone their descent upon Mr. Bub until the morrow, and spend the evening in each other's society ; rejoicing not in the possession of filthy lucre, but enriched with the copious blessings of an abundant philosophy, which never faileth. And here, be it said, that had Mr. Robert Purgle received his wage from Mr. Bub that evening before the finish of the recount, he might never have returned, and this tale would then have remained untold and untellable.

XXVI.

It was a bright and bracing morning when Bob arose from his bed, looked at the sleeping form of Mr. Wienerwurst, looked at his watch and looked out into the street for some information he was in need of. A glance at the street sufficed to explain to him that he was still housed at the Why Not.

Without arousing Mr. Wienerwurst, he proceeded up town, not feeling any particular interest in the bacon and eggs that constituted the staple of the Why Not's breakfast. He afterwards heard from Mr. Wienerwurst, that the latter had made amends for his friend's neglect of the Why Not's hospitality. Bob didn't care, he wasn't feeling hungry.

Wishing to avoid the confusing concourse in the streets, and not desiring suddenly to learn the result of the recount in his present somewhat exhausted state of nerves, Bob proceeded through some of the side streets into the residence districts. By some fatality or some impulse, or because he wanted to go that way, his steps led him towards the house of Allie. Here he was surprised

to observe great commotions, quite out of keeping with the quietness of that sacred domicile.

In fact the proceedings appeared to partake of the nature of a wedding.

Now, a wedding should always be an inspiring sight. What, with the flowers, and the gifts, and the carriage, and the rice, and the old shoes, and the good wishes, and the awkwardness of the groom and the sweet dress and lovely blushes of the bride, and the solemn words of the pastor, a wedding is something to live for.

A parson once said from his pulpit in Toronto, that after the third degree in Masonry a man never smiled again. This is not quite credible. But there is no doubt that there are certain ceremonies that one may undergo which make a marked and ineradicable difference to one's future peace of mind. Chiefest of these ceremonies is the wedding. It uproots a man's whole plan of life. His early ambitions to penetrate the wilds of the dark continent, or to pursue the broad Amazon to its source—these become as extinct as the feudal system. His last wishes also, the last will and testament that is to reach out into the world long after its projector has been broken into clay,—all this,

too, becomes a nullity and something to do over again when the wedding feast is finished.

"The brightest ornaments to a veteran are his scars, and the fairest gems of a bride are her rejected suitors." Bob was not exactly a rejected suitor. Indeed he had looked upon Miss Allie as a fruit not yet ripe for him, which he had only to wait for, and the old gentleman would guard it in the meantime. So when Bill Roopy soared over his head, and, as it were, dropped from the clouds and fell into possession of Miss Allie's heart and hand, Bob was surprised and somewhat struck with envy and admiration. But he didn't catalogue himself with "those who got left." At the wedding, however, he, as it were, represented the rejected suitors, as we sometimes see a counsel representing a class of interested (?) parties in the administration of an estate. The real rejected suitors came not themselves; their stomachs were not strong, and the old gentleman, when he rejected, filled a pretty stiff prescription.

Bob, though not experienced in that sort of social function, did his best to make himself useful and agreeable to all present. I am not able, however, to say how far he succeeded, being myself inexperienced. It appears, however,

that he did make one blunder, which may have been due to the uncertain state of his nerves.

I have somewhere before indicated that Bob Purgle had a horror of being taken for a tender-foot, yet he blurted out on this occasion a very green question.

I remember once three young men going down to the lake-front, on a gusty day, to hire a sail-boat. The owner was very dubious about letting his craft in such weather before he ascertained the sailing qualifications of his customers. Two of the young men began talking with considerable technical volubility about sailing, and had almost convinced the owner, when I, the third, seeing an unusual sort of boat at the float, asked very quietly, "What do you call that sawed-off?" and was informed that it was called a "dingy." The information was satisfactory, but the question was a green one.

So with Bob. When he for a moment got Bill and Mrs. Bill aside, he asked, "But I understood that there was neither marrying nor giving in marriage in these parts?"

Mrs. Bill looked at him with several sorts of looks, then laughed and said, half to herself, "I thought the young man didn't mean business."

Bill, being accustomed to Bob's occasional verdancies, smoothed the matter over. "Oh," he said, "you're thinking of another place, aren't you? It wouldn't be considered respectable here. Marriage is the proper caper; people are so malicious and censorious."

Shortly after this Bob came away to do some business on his own account, and, by a coincidence, he met Mr. Wienerwurst.

XXVII.

MR. BUB PAYS HIS WORKERS.

Mr. Wienerwurst was walking along the sidewalk in his best style, and that was inimitable. His carriage was erect, his feet pushing forward with a leisurely elegance, and in his left hand his famous gloves. Mr. Wienerwurst never wore these gloves even in bitter weather,—he carried them. His friends, who had examined them, knew why. There was nothing intrinsic about those gloves, and Mr. Wienerwurst lent them whatever dignity there was between them.

But, in addition to his usual grandeur, there was this morning a look of ineffable, transcendent contentment on his countenance. Not the look he often got by looking into a pewter; for there was too much the air of conscious duty in that look. 'Twas the serene contentment of a man who has heard something good, e.g., a joke on somebody else.

“Good morning, Mr. Wienerwurst. You look very happy.”

“Yes, I'm feeling so, Bob.”

"By the way, what was the result of the recount? I haven't heard."

"Oh, they just counted out Mr. Bub by a small margin."

"You don't say! That's too bad!"

"Shocking, Mr. Purgle, indeed, very shocking. Let's go and see Mr. Bub, and get our pay."

"Really," said Bob, "I'm ashamed to. When you think of that poor wretch, with all his crushing load of debt, and the expenses of the election on top of that, waking up this morning to find that all his splendid victory has been eaten up in the nighttime; by George, it's tough. I don't feel like striking him just now."

"Well, just as you please about it, Bob. By the way, I may as well mention that I saw Mr. Pholio, the Registrar of Deeds, a few minutes ago."

"What the Dickens do I care about old Pholio?"

"Oh, nothing, except that Mr. Bub registered a discharge of his big mortgage to-day."

"Nonsense! Where'd he get the money now?"

"You forget, Mr. Purgle."

"What do I forget?"

"You forget the campaign fund."

So it came about that Mr. Wienerwurst and Mr. Robert Purgle called that day upon Mr. Bub with the intention, nay, the determination, of getting their pay.

They were ushered into an enormous reception room, where sat numerous other people. Not the men who on election night had grasped the shafts of Mr. Bub's great carriage, and rushed him to his palace. These were all vanished; could be found in the rotunda of the Rustler, speaking with fictitious glee of the shrewdness of the Old Man, and citing one to another his phrase, which Bob had taken care to circulate, that Mr. Bub was the highest type of amateur politician.

No! the occupants of Mr. Bub's ante-chamber were not of that fickle sort. They were the faithful ones, whom defeat, however disastrous, shall not separate from their candidate. Though the electorate ignore his claims, though the press deride him, though he lose his deposit, these steadfast ones will not desert him. They are, e.g., his canvassers and scrutineers, who have come in for their pay, and grumble when they get it; or the representatives of the papers where he advertised, come in for that cheque; or the livery-stable men, who, being employed

to do the illegal act of carrying voters, have salved their consciences by charging two cabs where they sent one.

Mr. Bub paid his scrutineers and canvassers with as good a temper and as much patience as he could command. He well knew that at a future date he might need them again. The newspapers he stood off until a more convenient time. But the cab-bills he straightway repudiated. "I did not hire them; it would have been distinctly illegal on my part," said the virtuous Mr. Bub, for he knew there were many other livery stables in the metropolis.

With workers of the type of our two worthies Mr. Bub intended to take a different course. He would treat them as his political friends, sure to come in for rewards when his ships came home.

"Well, gentlemen," said he, "I suppose you have come to condole with me on my political and financial ruin."

"Is it that bad?" said Mr. Wienerwurst. "Had I known you were so poor, I'd have gone to the lawyers for the mortgagee, and asked them to take a dollar off the costs of that discharge of mortgage."

Now, Mr. Bub was a very stout man, and had probably never received a kick in the stomach

in his life. But he looked that moment like a man who had such a kick, and wasn't used to it. Then he recovered and smiled, rather an ugly smile, Bob thought.

"Your powers of humor have not been weakened by the strain of the election, Mr. Wienerwurst," said he. "If you gentlemen can wait a while, we'll go upstairs and have a quiet chat by ourselves, and a drop of something to season it."

Certainly the gentlemen would wait. Mr. Bub went out for a few moments, and then returned to deal with a few more of the occupants of his ante-chamber, until he had almost cleared the room. When he came to the last one, he very politely went with him to the outer door, and stood talking with him.

In the meantime a servant in livery came in ; and would the two gentlemen come with him and take the elevator up to the smoking parlor ?

Yes, they would, and they did, Mr. Wienerwurst leading in his inimitable style, and Bob following. Having arrived at the elevator door, Mr. Wienerwurst stepped aside with a magnificent bow, waived Bob in, and followed in person. When he looked at the contents of the elevator, he was delighted to perceive, besides

Bob, a table with a tray and three glasses. Behind the three glasses, as a delicate compliment to the gentlemen's nationality, stood, newly uncorked, as many quart bottles from three well-known Canadian distilleries.

"Evidently the distinguished gentleman intends to stay with us," said Mr. Wienerwurst.

"He'll be along in a moment," said the liveried servant, and closed the door from the outside with a sharp click.

The first thing Bob and his comrade noticed was that the elevator man ran his machine from the outside. The next thing was that the elevator was circular in shape, and fitted its shaft.

The third thing noticeable was that the speed of the elevator was becoming very great, and, instead of stopping at a floor, it seemed to be revolving sideways, like a bullet in the barrel of a rifle.

The speed and twist became so great that it was difficult to stand, and the glasses clinked furiously on the tray.

"Lest there be breakages and a spill," said Mr. Wienerwurst, "we'd better begin at once." Suiting the action to the word, he poured from one of the bottles into two of the glasses. Both

gentlemen drained their glasses as well as the motion would permit.

Whether it was the motion of the car, or the potency of the liquor, Bob cannot vouch, but he became first, dizzy, then speechless and bewildered, and finally lost consciousness entirely.

XXVIII.

CONCLUSION.

When Bob Purgle came to, he was not a little astonished by his surroundings. He appeared to be in a perfect fac-simile of his old room in the city of Toronto, although his reason told him it must be an illusion. Still it was an illusion very hard to shake off. For there on the bureau was the alarm clock, silent, it is true, and evidently very much run down. The bed on which he was lying was in exactly similar position to that on which he was wont to retire in the early hours during his mundane existence. The table, too, and the chairs, and even the pictures (procured at a departmental store) marvellously simulated the equipment of his Toronto bed-room.

But for the fact that on the table he saw the identical tray that went up with them in Mr. Bub's elevator, the illusion would have firmly grasped his somewhat shaky intellect. Reason asserted herself at the sight of this tray, with two untouched bottles of rye, one bottle lying empty on its side, and three broken glasses

evidencing the perilous journey upon which they had embarked.

Bob fell to thinking over the events of the past few days, and to wondering how far the elevator had really carried him, and, also, what had become of that illustrious man, Mr. Wienerwurst. His thoughts were not easy of connection. He would be getting nicely along, one thought suggesting another, when a vagueness would pass over his mind, as if something had parted, and then the sequence would be lost. You may have been in a boat, tied to the river bank, and you sit diligently fishing. Suddenly you notice that some change has come about. You look up and find yourself adrift. So it was with Bob. His cables seemed to part and his thoughts go adrift. While he was in this state, he heard a low knock at the door of his room, and a voice that seemed strangely familiar, asked, "Do you wish any breakfast, Mr. Purgle?"

This extraordinary question did not at first appear to Bob to have a meaning, but gradually he concentrated his attention upon the problem it suggested, and, after about three minutes, replied:

"Breakfast? Well, I don't know."

"Wont you have some coffee, if you can't eat anything?"

"All right, bring me some coffee."

Shortly the coffee-bearer returned and knocked again.

"Shall I bring it in?"

"Perhaps it will be just as well."

The voice had pretty well prepared Bob for the person who now brought him his breakfast. Nevertheless, it appeared to him extraordinary that the daughter of his landlady in Toronto should now be serving him with coffee. It was, indeed, an astonishing coincidence, and quite staggered him. There could surely be no mistake about her; she wasn't a girl you could look at without turning to look again; nor could you look again and easily forget the girl you saw.

The coffee, moreover, had a far-off, but still coffee-like, taste, such as coffee used to have.

"What do you call this town, anyhow?" said Bob, as indifferently as he could.

"Why, Toronto, of course; what do you think? What's come over you, Mr. Purgle, you have been acting very strangely of late? The other boarders say you've got wheels. But I think it's all that horrid stuff in those bottles."

The bottles, somehow, reminded Bob of Mr. Wienerwurst. "What's become of my friend, the elocutionist?" he asked,

"I don't know. I don't think he's a nice man at all. He's one of those low wretches you've been associating with, and that have been leading you astray."

This, however, threw no light on the elevator episode. So Bob proceeded to fish.

"What have I been doing so strange of late?"

"To begin with, you haven't been home for over a week, and the men at the warehouse were enquiring every day for you."

"Well, of course, I was called suddenly away on private business. Didn't they get my letter at the warehouse?"

"No, they didn't, and I don't suppose they could have read it if they did."

"What makes you think that?"

"Well, the Friday you went away, you were as queer as queer. I told you something about the engagement of Allie Hancock to Will Roopy, and you seemed to get it all mixed up with your lodge nonsense and politics, and all that sort of rubbish. By the way, how did you get out of the house that Friday night? I heard

you come in late, but no one heard you go out, and the doors were all bolted in the morning."

Bob was at a loss how to answer this puzzling query. For he wished to try his story on someone else first, before straining its credit with the young lady of the house.

Just then the door bell rang, and the young lady hastened to the door.

A few moments later, who should enter the room but Mr. Wienerwurst? With hat in hand and a grave professional air that would have made a doctor's heart burst with envy, this great man approached the bed and felt Bob's wrist, putting his thumb (instead of forefinger) on the pulse. "Very low," he said in a hoarse whisper that would have filled a theatre. "I fear, Robert," he said, "you have overdone it this time. It would now be a fitting occasion for you to make your peace with the other world. Give an account of yourself for the past week or so."

Bob proceeded to give a somewhat detailed narrative of the exciting events of the past few days, and Mr. Wienerwurst lighted a cigar and deliberately heard him to the end.

Then he arose and said, "I congratulate you, Bob! It's the best I ever heard. But what

are you going to tell them at the warehouse? You know that little fairy tale wont go down, and its about time you took a tumble to yourself."

Bob looked pained and vexed. Mr. Wienerwurst proceeded. "I think you'd better change the treatment. Your symptoms, as the doctors say, do not indicate old rye, though your nose does. Really, I must regard these medicines in quantity as injurious to you, and I shall leave you only enough for emergencies." Whereupon Mr. Wienerwurst poured from one of the two full bottles a stiffish dose into the least fractured tumbler, tightly corked each bottle, and put them into the side pockets of his overcoat, bowed with great dignity, and marched deliberately from the room.

* * * * *

From what we learn, Mr. Robert Purgle has "taken a tumble to himself." He somewhat neglects his lodges now, has foresworn politics, and smoking concerts know him no more. It is also said that he and the landlady's daughter are liable to have trouble,—that permanent trouble that often overtakes foolish young people, and that as soon as Bob gets another situation the cards will be out.

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THE LOST ORGANIZER.

I.

THE ADVENT OF THE ORDER.

Somewhere about the fall of 189—, a new secret order struck a certain city in North America, and was, by reason of its secrecy, an object of notoriety and the subject of many newspaper revelations. It became a pastime for the curious to join so mysterious an order, a business speculation for the heeler to be in the full current of a new political stream, and a matter of conscience with many to help on the work of building a wall against the aggressions of Rome.

Thus it came about that the sonorous solemnity of the ritual,—so different to the trivialties and horse-play of many initiation ceremonies in fraternal orders,—was listened to by many who had never dreamed of joining any other society, and by many who hitherto had looked askance on the workings of lodges. You might see, side by side, professional men, employers of labor and the employed, clergymen of all Protestant denominations, students, politicians, and the great unclassified.

It came, in fact, to be a sort of formula to

entice a man to enter by answering his question of "Well, who are the members?" with the response, "I am not at liberty to say. But you will be surprised at the character of the men you will see in the lodge room." Indeed, so generally did the belief get abroad that the respectable element of the community was joining as it never before joined any organization, that the other element sought ingress to obtain the friendship of the respectable. So long as the upright and sincere members could predominate, so long was the influence of the order irresistible; but it waned when every discredited crank, who could find no audience for his theories, and every disused ward-worker, who had lost his grip, learned the knocks, passwords, tokens and countersigns of the order.

Men whose sincerity led them to sacrifice time and energy of no small value to them and their business, in their zeal for carrying on a great struggle for civil and religious liberty, were amazed and disgusted to find themselves in brotherhood with others who were manifestly forwarding private schemes of the smallest and pettiest malice, or else endeavoring to secure the endorsement of the order for public men who could be suspected of neither sincerity nor manhood.

The result was that a great number of those who gave the order its high stamp of character were lost to it. While of those who remained, some stayed in the hope of eliminating the evil by the frequent expulsions that were taking place; and others were unwilling to lose so good an opportunity of studying human nature. This latter class of philosophers was given to the remark that no secret order had ever before collected together so nobly aspiring and sincere a body of men, side by side with a collection of vagabonds and cut-throats, such as is never seen outside of a penitentiary. Indeed, the earlier meetings of the order resembled somewhat those pictures of great inundations, where, on a small hill-top above the flood, will be seen, huddled together, panthers and sheep, reptiles and domestic animals, for the moment finding a common cause in their common fear. In like manner, the member newly initiated looked little at his neighbor, so engrossed was he in watching the then advancing floods of Romish aggression.

Notwithstanding this state of affairs, I was a good deal astonished when I was informed by my versatile acquaintance, Mr. Wienerwurst, that he had joined the order, and was of the very elect. I could not at first believe that a

person, whose religion had so little of aggressive partisanship in it, should have joined so uncompromising an organization as the one in question.

It appears, however, that he had assumed some obligation which he took to mean that he was to abstain from wetting his whistle in bars owned by R. C's. This he had interpreted as an obligation to patronize all the Protestant bars in convenient proximity; and the consequence was that in his confidential mood he probably told me some things which he ought not to have revealed, and which I am, therefore, not at liberty to make use of. From time to time I have since met others, who appeared to be keeping the same obligation in the same way; but whether they were actually members I have been unable to determine.

It is not revealing too much, however, to give the explanation as Mr. Wienerwurst himself gave it, of how he happened to join the order. It happens that no kind of order, except the Great American Order of Vagrants, grows spontaneously. "Much increase is by the strength of the ox."

In this case, the cattie that do the work are called organizers; and every secret society, whether it be religious, political or merely fraternal and benevolent, depends for its new blood upon the energies put forth by paid organizers.

Now, the general experience of these societies is that the lean organizer, who depends on receiving a portion of the charter fee for every lodge he institutes, does the best work. These men are naturally in a hurry to get their boats launched before their hotel bill eats up their commission—for a wise man must always contemplate the possibility of being forced to pay his bills. It is only natural, therefore, that these organizers, taking the line of least resistance, should approach the most approachable men in the community, namely, those of the genial sort, who are to be met with at the lodges of other orders, and will readily adjourn to a convenient back room to discuss the advantages of joining something fresh. It is rarely that a new lodge of any society is formed out of green material.

So it happened with the lodge of which Mr. Wienerwurst was so distinguished an ornament. The original officers were all true and tried joiners, as well as men-about-town. Accordingly, as they were proposing to get up a smoking-concert in connection with the lodge, it occurred to one of them that the histrionic talents of Mr. Wienerwurst would be a great accession to the programme. Thus it came about that Mr.

Wienerwurst voluntarily, and for the first time in his life, became a bigot and fanatic, and swore, in a multitude of different forms, ways and phrases, to devote the rest of his existence to uprooting the power of the Pope.

I asked Mr. Wienerwurst how it came about that so many men of a very staid and respectable character were members of the lodges to which, not to speak of himself, such men as his lodge officers belonged. He said that the imminence of the peril had driven them into the fold, and that, anyway, the effect of the obligations was such as to change the whole tenor of a man's life and character.

In conclusion, he informed me that he had grave doubts about paying his tailor, who, though a Protestant of what he called the Oyster-Back variety, had married an R. C. For he feared lest, in paying him, he should be contributing to the resources of the enemy. Candor, however, compelled me to tell him that this scruple of his about paying his tailor was hardly an evidence, to those who knew him, of a change in the tenor of his character. Whereupon he smiled for the first time since his initiation, and took his departure.

II.

MR. WIENERWURST GETS HIS COMMISSION.

To a man like Mr. Wienerwurst, gifted with fine dramatic sensibilities, the proximity of so many ardent characters, all acting under high tension, was both novel and exciting. The result was that he unfailingly attended the meetings of all the lodges where it was likely there would be a row, and nearly all the lodges gave early and frequent promise of that. It is the chiefest sign of a thriving fraternal order when brother is ready to spring at brother's throat, when they roar, and wrangle, and threaten to leave forever, and every man interrupts every other man, and all rise to their feet and speak simultaneously, until finally exhaustion ensues, and their waste steam is blown off. Then someone arises and proposes some measure that is simple and practicable; it carries forthwith, and all go home in amity and concord. Such are truly brotherly meetings; all others are unreal and unprofitable.

The meetings, however, that most delighted the martial soul of Wienerwurst were those of

the central body of the order for the whole city. This body met every month and was called the Advisory Board; for the reason, Mr. Wienerwurst said, that it couldn't be advised. The Board appeared to be divided into about three main classes: some dozen men who came there to do business, and to do it well, if it took all night; a larger number who had each his oration prepared, and meant to deliver it or die; and a third, or dangerous class, who came to make mischief, increase the disorder, and report the proceedings to their political gang-bosses.

Those of this last class were extraordinarily keen of scent, and could trace impure motives in nearly every person present. The chairman was after a job in such and such a government department, or was going to run for Mayor. Indeed, for a while it was a perpetual novelty and source of delight to Mr. Wienerwurst to draw out these gentry, and learn something of the hidden corruptness of every person present, until he began to wonder how so rotten an organization could be held together. When, however, he found that the stories varied about each individual, and when, from his being frank enough to privately tax one of the members with his supposed scheme, he found that he

himself was guilty of a series of villainies of which he hadn't suspected himself, he came to the conclusion that in British justice it is better to hold a man innocent until he is proved guilty. Accordingly, he ceased to listen to the malicious gossip that was so rife, and rather judged men by their acts than by the motives their neighbors fathered and left at their door.

Moreover, it was a novelty to Mr. Wienerwurst to be considered useful to anybody, so he set about making himself generally handy in connection with the workings of the order. Several times, during the absence of the officer who corresponds to the director of ceremonies in some orders (a Sir Knight Sergeant, I think they called him), he officiated in his place, and performed the duties with almost tragic dignity. Great service was also rendered by him on the occasions when the Advisory Board officers visited the Primary Lodges (lodges isn't the word, but I just forget what he called these bodies), and gave exemplifications of the ritual. The result of all this was that the Board officers were prompt to recommend Mr. Wienerwurst for an organizer's commission to the Grand Body.

Now, lest anyone should not know what a Grand Body is, I beg to remind them that in

this hemisphere, where the machinery of government is worshipped for its own sake, which machinery in the case of Canada might with advantage be replaced by about a score of men who could employ any fairly good solicitor to draft better legislation than is annually enacted by Canada and her provinces, and pay the solicitor a yearly salary of say—— Well, never mind, let us stick to the question of Grand Lodges. A Grand Lodge is a central body in a society into which the Primary Lodges pay a poll or capitation tax ; in return for which they get an annual or quarterly password. The value of the password is to show that your Lodge has paid its tax. The value of the tax is that some of the Grand Lodge officers live on it. The value of the Grand Lodge officers is that they get together and ingeniously devise new passwords when they are needed. This was explained to me at great length by Mr. Wienerwurst, who was more learned in such matters than I ever hope to be.

Mr. Wienerwurst got his commission under the Great Seal of the Grand Lodge, and signed by the Grand Secretary, who wrote his signature with the Grand Flourish. It was handed to him by the Chairman of the Advisory Board,

and well does Mr. Wienerwurst remember a portion of the night he got it.

'Twas an average night on the Advisory Board. The password being taken up, it was found that there was a member present, and a Board officer at that, who hadn't the new password, and for whom nobody could vouch. This worthy gentleman, whose name we will call Rivers, was employed as a reporter on a daily newspaper, and filled his leisure hours by attending the meetings of the order for "scoops." On this occasion he arose in great indignation, and stated that he had given the password which had been given him by the Master of his Lodge. The chairman thereupon asked the Sir Knight Sergeant what password he had received from the worthy brother. He answered that Bro. Rivers had given him as a password "Master, is it I?"

At this the other members laughed odiously, and several of them wafted Mr. Rivers down stairs. The worst of it was that Rivers was the chaplain of the Board, and should have taken the scriptural hint his Master gave him.

When the amusement caused by this pleasing episode had subsided, the chairman brought on some business that to an outsider would have

appeared trifling. It was something in the nature of a charge forwarded by a primary lodge against John Micklejohn for taking milk from a R. C. milkman. This subject they discussed for two mortal hours with great fervor and eloquence, until finally, being pumped out, they agreed to refer the question back to the primary lodge.

The chairman, however, had now gained his point. For the orators, having each dispersed his oration, had clear consciences and began to leave for home. Whereupon, one of the real working members proposed a motion that embodied the real business of the evening,—he proposed a committee to lobby something or oppose something at the Municipal Council.

Now, to an outsider, it seemed strange that a deliberative body should spend hours in beating up trifles into a froth of words, and then rush the real business through in a few minutes. But Mr. Wienerwurst explained that the orators had very grand ideas of the majesty and power of the order. If the matter was brought to their notice, they would undoubtedly pass a resolution in the nature of a mandamus compelling the Municipal Council to act and govern itself according to the wishes of that august body, the Advisory Board. They would go

home and leave the Board officers to make themselves ridiculous in trying to coerce the City Fathers. Experience, therefore, had taught the chairman his methods of conducting the business of the meeting.

After the close of the meeting, Mr. Wienerwurst having acted as chaplain in succession to Mr. Rivers, and having by the fervor of his prayers electrified the members present until their eyes "bugged out" with thrilled amazement,—he was presented with his commission by the chairman.

This was undoubtedly an occasion for celebration, and Mr. Wienerwurst, accompanied by several admirers, adjourned to a neighboring hotel, where he remained until one after another of his friends slipped away and he was left alone, and the hotel-keeper concluded that it was time to stop business for that night.

It was a long and weary way to the abode of Wienerwurst, and the thoughts of Wienerwurst were lofty,—and as dry as they were high. But, alas! there was but one place on the way home where Wienerwurst knew the ropes, and that house was owned by one of the wrong faith. He must therefore pass it by. But, stay! There seemed to be somebody moving inside. Besides,

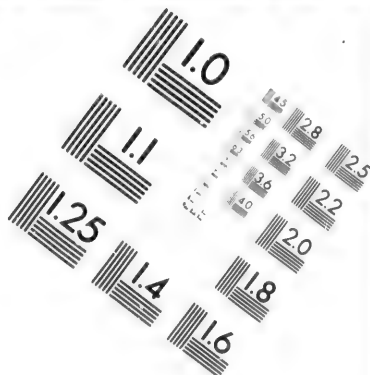
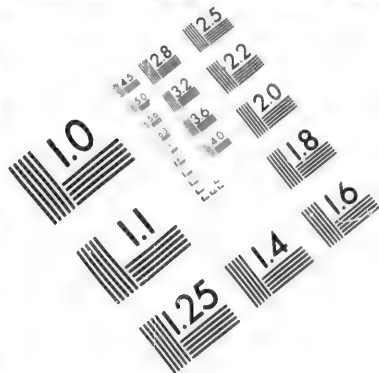
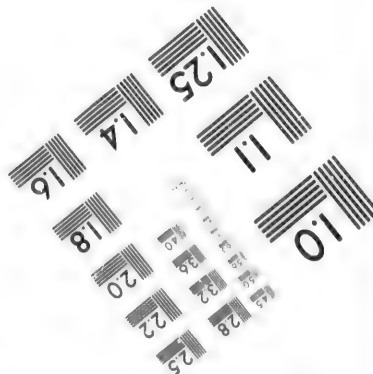
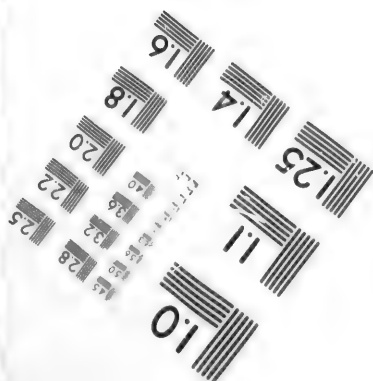
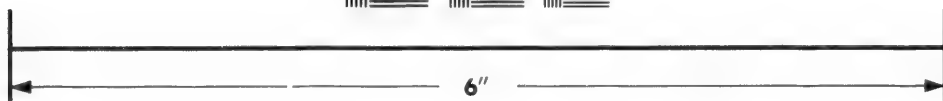
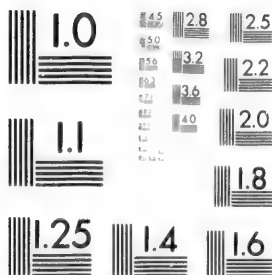


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was not the organizer for the order above suspicion? He would go in, but only stay a moment.

Perhaps Mr. Wienerwurst stayed too long. For when the hotel-keeper was putting him to bed, a document fell out of his coat pocket. The publican picked it up to replace it in the coat, when his attention was attracted by the bright red seal and the Grand Flourish. Perhaps it was the wickedness of his faith, or maybe it was only natural curiosity that impelled him to glance at its contents.

For a moment he was amazed, and looked intently at the dormant form of Wienerwurst. Was he contemplating a small St. Bartholomew's eve? Not exactly. He began to smile, then he chuckled. "I guess we all have to make our living some way," he said; "anyhow, he treats me decent, and I'll treat him decent." So saying, he replaced the commission in Wienerwurst's pocket.

III.

PREPARING FOR WORK.

Mr. Wienerwurst received his commission some time about the end of January, but he did not rush out on the road in a rash and headlong fashion. On the contrary, he proceeded in a careful and methodical manner to fit himself for the great mission he was about to enter upon.

Knowing that a sound physique was necessary in order to stand the hardships of his new vocation, he entered upon a rigorous course of training and diet. Instead of his usual, somewhat leisurely habits of rising, he rose promptly every morning at a quarter past ten, and indulged in some smart exercise with dumb-bells and Indian clubs. After this he breakfasted on oatmeal porridge, and some bacon with four eggs. Then he rested a while, and read a newspaper. When sufficiently reposed, he put on a sweater and proceeded for a brisk walk out on some country road, where the beaten snow crunched merrily beneath his lordly stride. On his return he ate a dinner in proportion, and then further proceeded with his iron self-discipline.

Under this rigid system, Mr. Wienerwurst's chief danger was lest he should "go stale," which is a phrase of great meaning to athletes. To escape this great peril, he allowed himself a quantity of ale, porter, half-and-half, and other useful aids to training. This department of his course of physical development he attended to with the same energy that characterized his other actions. In fact, so thoroughly did he do everything, that it was frequently small-in-the-morning before his day's proceedings were completed.

Nor is it to be supposed that Mr. Wienerwurst's intellectual gifts were, in the meantime, neglected. He snatched a few hours to prepare a wonderful lecture on the Aggressions of Rome, which he practised daily, until its delivery was a masterpiece. Indeed, strangers passing by the house while he was raging through some of his grander passages, with his attic-window open, and the casement shaking and rattling beneath his impetuous gush, were half minded to look up a policeman and put the responsibility on him.

But it is not to be understood that the mere necessity for preparation, physical and vocal, alone detained the organizer from taking the

field. In truth, a perhaps rather more potent reason was that he had no money to go on. His boots, too, were not of the soundest; and, with the exception of the magnificent fur collar and cuffs for his overcoat, which had been presented to him by admiring friends, the rest of his clothing matched his boots. The fringe to his trousers he had deemed effeminate, and removed with a scissors.

It was in this state of destitution that our patriot met by a rare streak of fortune with a member of the legislature, who was aspiring to a party leadership. This excellent man was at that time a very strong Protestant, although subsequently he followed his party in quite the opposite direction. He had many eminent qualifications, however, for a party leader. One was a picturesque talent for circulating rumors about other occupants of the political stage. Another was the assumption of a genial manner, which he never could maintain for a longer stretch than a month or two before the election. And the third qualification was, that his wife was very wealthy. The result of these qualifications was that he was given a nomination with great enthusiasm, and esteemed a vigilant patriot; that during the election the green

electors shouted for him, and the wily ones bled him; and after the election he rapidly fell into disfavor and contempt.

At the time we were speaking of, however, he was on the summit of the wave in his own city, and was aspiring to greatness in a wider sphere. Mr. Wienerwurst went to him and explained the tremendous effect it would have if the organizer for the formidable order should, wherever he went, spread abroad the praises of the great coming man.

This great man immediately fermented with delight, and offered Mr. Wienerwurst a valuable and lucrative post in the civil service whenever he himself should be party leader, and turn the present administration out of power.

At this Mr. Wienerwurst smiled with much kindly winking, and laying his finger along his nose; and then he said, "I, too, have been in politics, and we both know the value of a politician's promise.

The upshot was that he came away with fifty dollars of the great man's money in his pocket.

The reader may now, if he please, picture to himself the eager organizer purchasing his supplies, and flying over the country in the interests of his beloved order. But it so happened that

two more weeks were occupied by Mr. Wienerwurst before he left the city.

The first week he spent in repaying some of the many kindnesses he had received from his numerous friends. Many there were who availed themselves of this infrequent period of prosperity that had come over the organizer. But most of them soon found it necessary to discontinue, and others fell by the way side, until at last but two remained to sustain Mr. Wienerwurst on his erring path.

During the second week Mr. Wienerwurst built himself up again in the ward of the hospital, whence he emerged with increased weight, renewed energy, and a feeling of superbity amounting to insolence. Of his two trusty comrades, one had been found dead one morning in bed,—not his own. While the other voluntarily rusticated himself in the interests of science, that he might inform himself as to the double chloride of gold.

Saddened by the frailty of human endurance, Mr. Wienerwurst borrowed five dollars from a long-suffering friend, and took the railway leading to his field of operations.

IV.

A FAILURE.

When the organizer got down at the railway station at Pikeville, he felt the good of his magnificent fur collar and cuffs. It was cold and there wasn't a sign of a brass band anywhere about. Besides, the station was a mile and a half from the town. It would have seemed fitting to Mr. Wienerwurst that a deputation should wait upon him, that a cab should be placed at his disposal. But nothing of that kind was done. The organizer, the sacred bearer of good tidings to all Protestants, the averter of a second St. Bartholomew's eve, the stately Wienerwurst was obliged to tramp it for the whole mile and a half to Pikeville.

Pikeville is one of those small towns which by its proximity to the city had been shrivelled into a village. It was shrivelled also by the fever which wastes all our towns. It is only in a young country that such towns are. They rise up into prosperity, and then slope down into stagnation. The older inhabitants continue to live in them, but the young men move

farther along and help build up some other place, which in turn their sons will desert. And so the fever will continue until all the regions of North America are occupied, and there are no new places to be boomed. In the meantime, however, the older towns lose their first-born and seem to grow aged with their inhabitants. The youthfulness of the country breeds old age.

It was with some such feeling that Mr. Wienerwurst was oppressed when he reached Main street, and vigorously kicked the snow off his boots at the door of Havisher's bar-room. The organizer, however, was not a man to let a mere feeling oppress him. He was constantly struggling against two real and powerful oppressors, the Church of Rome and Thirst. Having got the means in his fingers for baffling the latter enemy, he proceeded to make himself on good terms with Havisher, in order to know how to get down to work.

John Havisher had an early winter and late spring sort of disposition. It required all Mr. Wienerwurst's suavity to get a few sprouts of information out of him. He wasn't a genial man. If a man came in for a drink, Havisher would slouch behind the bar and slop him out his glass of ale, as if he were conferring a

very great favor, or just barely tolerating a nuisance. His answers had an inflection that seemed to imply, "This closes the interview."

Nevertheless, Mr. Wienerwurst learned that the R. C's in the neighborhood numbered a little over one-third of the population. He also got the names of several prominent Orangemen, and the address of the Methodist parson. But when he broke it to Mr. Havisher what business he was on, and sought to enrol the worthy publican as a charter member, the refusal he got was positively rude.

Mr. Wienerwurst was determined, however, to secure somebody as a member. He, therefore, went first of all to the house of the Reverend William Stapleton Ferris, the Methodist clergyman. Now, the organizer was a hereditary Methodist himself. Although it might be said of him as a small country boy once said of his own father,—“I guess he's a Methodist. But he ain't doing much at it just now.”

Now, the attitude of the Methodist church in North America on the subject of spirituous liquor is well known. To those who are ignorant of the beginnings of Methodism in this country, there does not appear to be any very good reason why every Methodist clergyman

should be a fierce total abstainer, when the clergy of other denominations may take a little wine for their stomach's sake. But there is a reason. The tone of the Methodist church has been derived from the early itinerant Methodists who didn't go out into the wilderness to see a man clothed in costly raiment. On the contrary, they went abroad, living their lives and inciting to a higher life, among the rough pioneers that hewed with the axe. In those days there was a keg of whiskey on every grocery counter, and the itinerants saw frequent and sincere fightings, kickings, bitings, and gougings, evincing the spirit of neighborliness that is apt to hover over a keg of whiskey. Consequently they set their faces (not their lips) against the keg. And the same mind has continued with them unto this day; for there is nothing more conservative than a church, except it be a liberal politician when in power.

This spirit of antagonism to beer was not shared by Mr. Wienerwurst, but he deferred to it. On no occasion was he ever known to offer a drink to a good Methodist. On this occasion he did not mean to depart from his practice in this matter. He went further, and placed on his tongue an aromatic lozenge that he had

helped himself to eat his friend the druggist's in the city.

The organizer opened out upon the Reverend Ferris with a deep burst of religious feeling. This was unnecessary. Some misguided people imagine that the best way to get into a parson is to have a real downright religious pow-wow with him. This may do for the women folk, who never stay long enough at any one topic to make it dangerous. But with men it is a mistake.

When Mr. Wienerwurst delivered his religious material at the premises of the Reverend William Stapleton Ferris, he was received with a sonorous counterblast that might have been from one of Wesley's sermons. For a moment the organizer was almost stunned. The air was thick with pitiless verbiage—"Saving efficacy of the means of grace," "Precious and unequivocal testimony," "Church militant and church triumphant,"—phrases that were new to poor Wienerwurst, who had never attended prayer meeting since that Wednesday evening long ago when his mother had carried him for baptism, a struggling, squalling babe, into the throng of worshippers.

All the while the man of the cloth was watch-

ing his assailant from the corner of his eye. For in truth, when you attack a parson with religion, he thinks you are forcing him to the ropes and he spars around to find what you are up to.

Accordingly, both parties were considerably relieved when Mr. Wienerwurst got down to business, and opened out his scheme of instituting a lodge of the order in Pikeville.

But the reverend gentleman did not propose to capitulate all in one day; he must have several days to consider. Which is a fault some people have,—procrastinating; when every day eats the profit of organizing out of the organizer's fingers.

However, Mr. Ferris was liberal with his advice as to the people whom Mr. Wienerwurst wished to approach for charter-memberships. It is needless to say that all of the citizens whom Mr. Ferris favored as likely members, and possible future lodge brothers of his own, were highly respectable people. Alas! Respectable people are often cautious, and require several days to consider the matter.

He first visited the mayor, who was a harness-maker by trade, and a very respectable and flourishing citizen for such a place as Pikeville. He was a good Protestant. He must have been,

for was he not an Orangeman? But, while sympathizing very strongly, so he said, with the views expressed by Mr. Wienerwurst, whom he expressed the highest gratification at meeting, and who, he regretted to learn, was not an Orangeman (an important omission Mr. Wienerwurst discovered); and while he would yield to no one in the defence of his cherished liberties, having a past master's jewel, and wearing it regularly on the immortal twelfth, nevertheless he did not see his way clear to joining the somewhat disturbing order represented by his visitor.

Try as he might, Mr. Wienerwurst could not, with all his eloquence, remove the scruples of the worthy mayor. The greater portion of the conversation was listened to by a North of Ireland man, very long, gaunt, hairy and uncompromising. This man followed the organizer out of doors, and gave him some free facts.

"Don't you see, young fellow, the mayor is afraid of losing his Catholic customers?"

"Well, you are not afraid, are you? There is nothing to prevent you joining."

"I don't see why they couldn't send out a Royal Arch man to do the organizing." So saying, the North of Ireland man went brusquely away.

Mr. Wienerwurst tried three or four others, but always with the same results: either they were afraid of their business, or resented his not being an Orangeman.

At last, word having come to his ears that an organizer was wanted in Bolingbroke, about twenty-five miles distant, Mr. Wienerwurst shook the snow of Pikeville off his feet, and made for Bolingbroke, which, by all accounts, was red hot on the anvil, ready for the hammer. Pikeville was a failure.

V.

THE ORGANIZER REPORTS.

One morning the Grand Secretary of the order was much relieved to receive a report, in rather a shaky handwriting, and looking as if tears had been shed upon the paper, from Mr. Wienerwurst. Ever since the commission had been issued, the Grand Secretary had patiently awaited, from day to day, for evidences of the growth of his beloved order. Finally the absence of reports had come to be regarded as something humorous, and the patriots that used to assemble in the Grand Secretary's office had begun to speak of Mr. Wienerwurst as the Lost Organizer.

Now, it appeared that the organizer was down to work, as evidenced by his report of a lodge instituted at Bolingbroke. The report contained, in various places, some of the information desired by the Grand Secretary. True, the handwriting was bad and the paper tear-stained, and the answers to questions were some a few lines too high and others a few lines too low. But this might have been due to emotion.

Bolingbroke, as before intimated, was red hot. So hot were the Bolingbrokers that they even forgave Mr. Wienerwurst for not being an Orangeman. Besides, the County Master was cutting up rusty, as they said. Not only did many of them offer themselves as charter members, but insisted on organizing a public meeting to boom this long-sought secret order.

The idea of a meeting delighted Mr. Wienerwurst. He got out the lines of his great speech on the Aggressions of Rome. He was told to make it hot. This advice was not necessary; it was a warm preparation in the original package.

The news of the meeting was rapidly circulated. The public of Bolingbroke had had its appetite sharpened by an address two nights before by a well-known lecturess, who claimed to be an escaped nun. Her enemies admitted that she had escaped, but not from a cloister. The revelations of depravity she made were astounding, and many people were shocked to the very core; especially those who had no relatives in the convents.

The mayor of the town, who presided at the organizer's meeting and had presided at that of the lecturess, insisted on introducing Mr. Wiener-

erwurst to her ; for she had not yet left town. Subsequently she did leave, after borrowing the wherewithal from his worship. He was an old fool, that mayor ; but Mr. Wienerwurst found the lecturess a very clever woman, who had been evidently pretty in her youth, and who did not seem over-remorseful at the memory of the sad wickedness she said she had witnessed in the convent. On the contrary, she was possessed of a liveliness amounting almost to coquetry. The organizer took care to stand from under.

The address delivered by Mr. Wienerwurst was a great success. Even the lecturess, who was present, listened with great attention, and took notes of some of the statements made. Many of the facts were new even to her.

Not only did the organizer narrate many things partially known to the public, such as the amount of land held by the dead hand of the church, the attacks made upon the school system by the ecclesiastics, the number of offices held by R. C's, but he eclipsed all these somewhat tame grievances by others of a livelier sort.

He proved by much detailed and incontestable statement that we were upon the eve of another massacre of St. Bartholomew. In support

of this he gave two particular instances :—First, of how John R. Mitchell, of No. 732 — street, Detroit, having occasion to be present near a Roman Catholic college, which he located for convenience at Sandwich, Ontario, had detected the collegians in the act of storing large supplies of arms, ammunition and other contraband.

The other instance he located in Montreal, and caused it to appear that one Donald Alexander McTavish having rendered some important services to a French Canuck named Jean Baptiste Durand, the grateful fellow had given him a hint of intended trouble. McTavish, being a shrewd fellow, followed up the hint and discovered an arsenal of rifles, shot and fixings in the basement of the church of St. ——— on ——— street.

These two particular instances were given with such a wealth of coloring that the simple Bolingbrokers seemed to see the glittering rifle barrels and almost smelt the powder. The time of night, the position of the doors, the adventures of the hardy discoverers of these terrible conspiracies, their narrow escapes from detection and death,—no details were lacking to the terrible picture so vividly depicted by the organizer in his most tragic and awful tones.

So deep an impression did he make upon his listeners, that many of them for a week later never went to bed without firearms within reach. With the result that one young yeoman, rolling over in his troubled sleep, nearly blew his wife's ear off by the untimely discharge of a veteran pistol belonging to his grandfather. This feeling of alarm eventually wore off.

Mr. Wienerwurst had the satisfaction, however, of instituting a lodge with the mayor in the chair, also of collecting the entrance fees and sending in his report. This, by the way, was the only report received by the Grand Secretary from Mr. Wienerwurst, and from this time forward he became in reality as in jest the "Lost Organizer of the Order."

Bolingbroke Lodge No. 392 flourished for the balance of the year, until, having succeeded in re-electing the mayor and other local politicians, its members seemed to have lost interest. Several young professional men who had joined were enabled to extend their list of acquaintances, so that the lodge did good work after its kind. The proprietor of the hall holds the books, rituals, etc., and wrote the Grand Secretary that on receipt of the balance due for rent he would, &c., &c.

VI.

THE ORGANIZER JOINS ANOTHER ORDER.

It was a bright, fair morning in the early summer when Mr. Wienerwurst emerged from the niche in a straw-stack, where he had made his night's lodgings and looked forth upon the world. He shook the straw from his garments and struck out upon the high road, glad of the golden sunshine and the new leaves, but sorrowful of his experience.

After cooling his brow and his wrists at a running stream, he sat down on the top rail of a snake fence to ruminate upon the events of the past few months. He recollected with a sort of irony his feelings of elation after instituting the lodge at Bolingbroke. Then came the subsequent inevitable celebration and the unbending of a great man. Then he had braced to work again, and tried the fortunes of war at a rough town called Brinter's Creek (pronounced crick). Here, led on by illusory hopes held out by a sound Protestant, who unfortunately had no money to join or influence to induce others to join, he had outstayed his welcome. The store-keepers were afraid of losing custom, and the Orangemen

looked askance at an organizer who would claim to be a Protestant without being an Orangeman.

Then he remembered his sudden departure "between two days," and his arrival at, and his departure from, other towns equally frigid. It seemed as if the bottom had dropped out of the business.

At last, about two weeks ago, he had come to what seemed a promising location, the snug little town of Mills Centre. The hotel-keeper who ran the Grand Central was what men call a very decent fellow. He allowed Mr. Wienerwurst to remain a week without any remarks being made on either side about rates or a settlement. Then he observed that, owing to the increasing warmth of the weather, Mr. Wienerwurst had laid aside his magnificent fur collar and cuffs. It occurred to him that these might get stolen. He, therefore, volunteered to make himself chargeable with their safe-keeping, and locked them up in his safe.

The organizer spent another week in Mills Centre before despairing of success. Finally even those who had at first promised to become members of the order lost interest, and went back on the organizer. It was evident he must leave.

Accordingly, Mr. Wienerwurst went to the hotel-keeper, and, with his blandest air, told

him that he was going on business to Barnstable, some eighteen miles north of Mills Centre. He would remit from there the amount of his board bill, and, in the meantime, the hotel-keeper might retain his furs as a security. To this the even-tempered publican assented. "But how long shall I wait?" he asked.

"If I don't remit in a month, you are at liberty to sell them," replied Mr. Wienerwurst.

The region of Barnstable is positively the hardest that the organizer was fated to visit. They are not a very polite people in that region. If you ask one of the inhabitants some direction as to your way, and he answers very gruffly, "What do you say?" and, on your repeating your question, he growls out some curt answer, then you know he is trying to treat you civilly.

If he is a young man, and says to you, "Say, Mister! can you fight any?" you mustn't take it as a symptom of ill-will. It merely shows that he takes an interest in you, and wants a closer personal acquaintance.

Mr. Wienerwurst, shorn of his magnificent fur collar and cuffs, did not much impress the inhabitants of Barnstable. His attempts to induce them to become charter members of a lodge were coldly received. As often as he began to lead up to the great subject of the

aggressions of Rome, these strange people would either make some idiotic sign with their hands, which he didn't comprehend, or use some absurd words which didn't seem to have any connection with the matter in hand. He afterwards divined that they were weighing him in an Orange scales, and found him wanting.

After many discouragements, however, he was rejoiced to find a friendly soul who would listen readily to the dangers of Protestantism. This genial and vigilant patriot welcomed Mr. Wienerwurst as though he was the Messiah, and nourished him with many glasses of beer. He treated, in fact, oftener than the organizer; which surely was a sign of grace.

The only doubt that seemed to oppress him was that the nature and obligations of the order might not be strong enough. Mr. Wienerwurst hastened to reassure him on this score. It was about two p.m. when they first began their conversation, and it is possible that by five thirty, when the other gentleman assisted the organizer upstairs and laid him to rest, the organizer may have disclosed more than he would have done to any other than so sympathetic and enthusiastic a Protestant as his new friend.

It was growing dark when Mr. Wienerwurst arose from his slumbers, and came down stairs

to see about his supper, and resume the conversation that he could not quite remember having broken off. He did not, however, find the gentleman he sought. On the contrary, in the bar-room he saw a group of rough-looking men, some of whom he had previously approached to join the order. These were accompanied by others, larger, fiercer and more aggressive-looking.

Mr. Wienerwurst did not at first go into the bar-room. He was struck with the proportions of one of the men, who stood about six feet four in height, and had a formidable pair of shoulders. The boy who did the chores was passing up the stairs, and Mr. Wienerwurst asked him who that big fellow was.

"Oh! that's young Bence. You'll see his big brother come along in a minute."

And, sure enough, in a moment the elder branch came in view, and made the younger look stunted.

Curiosity led Mr. Wienerwurst to go into the bar-room, that he might get a better view of this product of Barnstable. No sooner had he set foot in the room than one of the men called out, "There he is."

Upon this, the younger Bence grasped the organizer by the collar, shook the breath out of

him, then passed him on to the elder Bence. The big man said in his pleasantest tone, "So, young fellow, you came up here to play it low down on us Protestant boys. And you must get drunk all afternoon with Terry Dwyer, the worst Mick in the neighborhood."

"I didn't know he was a Mick," gasped the breathless victim.

"Well, you're a pretty organizer not to know a Mick when you see him, and let him pick the heart out of you that way."

With this reflection, the elder Bence swung his boot, and swept the organizer out of the door into the street. Whereupon, the whole crowd rushed upon him, and, horsing him upon a fence-rail, galloped madly to the outskirts of the town. Here they set him down, passed him through a gauntlet of kicks, and departed. They are a clannish set, the Orangemen at Barnstable.

The broken-hearted defender of his faith limped a short distance along the highway, until he climbed the fence and crawled into the straw-stack from which we made him arise in the beginning of this chapter.

The currents of his reflections in the morning seemed to turn down two very diverse channels. First, the beautiful freshness of the morning would fill him with a delight that seemed to

triumph over the ills that had beset him. Then the memories of his reverses would come back to him, and the bitterness of human life would fill his mouth.

But in the end the present asserted herself. The man looked upon the trees, green with their first summer's verdancy, and the dark green moss, that seemed a pillow for a summer's lodging. He looked upon the free birds that sang in the air, and the unfettered chipmonk that ran among the angles of the snake fence, and thought why he should shackle himself with an ungrateful cause.

"Damn it all," he said to himself, "let it go." And he arose and let it all go,—his vocation, his trials, his commission to organize, his duty, his fallacious livelihood.

He walked on the highway, with the pine trees shading his footsteps. Here, at least, he was free from the Aggressions of Rome, and here the truculent Orangeman would cease from troubling. The man Wienerwurst cast behind him Wienerwurst the organizer, and he walked on with a new-found happiness.

Presently he became conscious of someone perched upon a fence rail, and looking at him.

"Good morning," he said.

"Fine morning," said the stranger with a voice imprisoned in a long-established huskiness.

"Where can I get a good drink of water?" said Wienerwurst.

"There is a tavern somewhere up the road, if you want a drink."

"Dead broke."

"Then come along with me."

So they journeyed along amicably. Where was Mr. Wienerwurst going? Nowhere in particular. Then Mr. Wienerwurst had better come along with him. He would like Mr. Wienerwurst to call him Arthur. Which was agreed to.

On arriving at the tavern, Arthur did not produce any money. He took out a wallet, and from that a few paints and a brush. With very small encouragement from the publican, he borrowed an empty bottle, upon which he established a landscape. The man behind the bar grew interested, so much so that he laid his hand upon the pump, and brought forth two large glasses of foaming beer.

Arthur was an acquisition to Wienerwurst, and they fared forth from that place as boon comrades and thus it came about that the Lost Organizer was initiated into the Great American Order of Vagrants, and the other order knew him no more.

VII.

THE PICNIC OF ST. ANNE'S.

For days the boys and girls of the church of St. Anne, at Mills Centre, had been hoping for a fine Saturday, and some of them had even summoned up courage to ask Father Megann to pray for a fine day; to which request he had answered with a benevolent smile. Yet the reverend father himself was as anxious for fair weather as any of them, for he, too, delighted in the success of the annual picnic of St. Anne.

When the great Saturday came, and the good priest rose up soon after daybreak to look at the sky, the rising sun was shaking himself loose from a few audacious clouds, and old probabilities were sure to announce to the world of the weather-curious "Mostly fine weather, with a few local showers."

By noon the sky had its beautiful sunny blue unmarked, save with a few white flecks upon the horizon. The grove at Shaw's Lake was teeming with merry children; and active lads, playing baseball, racked the air with the jargon of the diamond. Here and there the old people

sat in groups on the rustic benches, intent on gossip, but vigilant to see that the little tots came to no hurt.

Amidst all this scene of festivity walked Father Megann, with a broad smile of satisfaction on his handsome old face. Well might he smile, for things had never gone so well before with the annual picnic. The busy committee, who had canvassed everybody in town, Catholic and Protestant alike, for some contribution, had met with unusual success. Even the hotel-keeper, suspected of being a somewhat bigoted Protestant, had come down handsomely. Expected to put the affair off with a box of cheap cigars, he had surprised them by donating a handsome and valuable prize, to be given to the lad obtaining the highest number of points in the sports of the day.

When the games were called at two p.m., all the people gathered round the enclosure, and even the little children left their play and squeezed in among the knees of their elders to look at the eager contestants. There were races and foot-races and hurdle-races, sack-races, egg-races, obstacle-races and bicycle-races; there was jumping, high, broad, running, and with the pole. The stout young fellows ran, and

leaped, and put the stone, and chased the greased pig, until the first shadows of evening began to creep upon the field.

Then the results were noted up, and that astute calculation gone through by which the winner of so many firsts, seconds, and thirds is declared to beat the winner of certain other numbers of firsts, seconds, and thirds. I never could understand these matters, but there are those who do.

Father Megann noticed now that the clouds were gathering. So he called all the flock together, and said they must excuse him making any speeches, or they would all be caught in the rain. He then proceeded to award the prizes to their respective winners without comment, until he came to the prize donated by the hotel-keeper for the general proficient or champion.

"Pat O'Leary," said he, "I shall present you with this elegant prize, and let this gift, which came to you through Saint Anne's church, ever be a token to you to attend to your religious duties, and to hearken to the teachings of our Mother Church more diligently than you have hitherto been known to do."

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